VESTRY HARP

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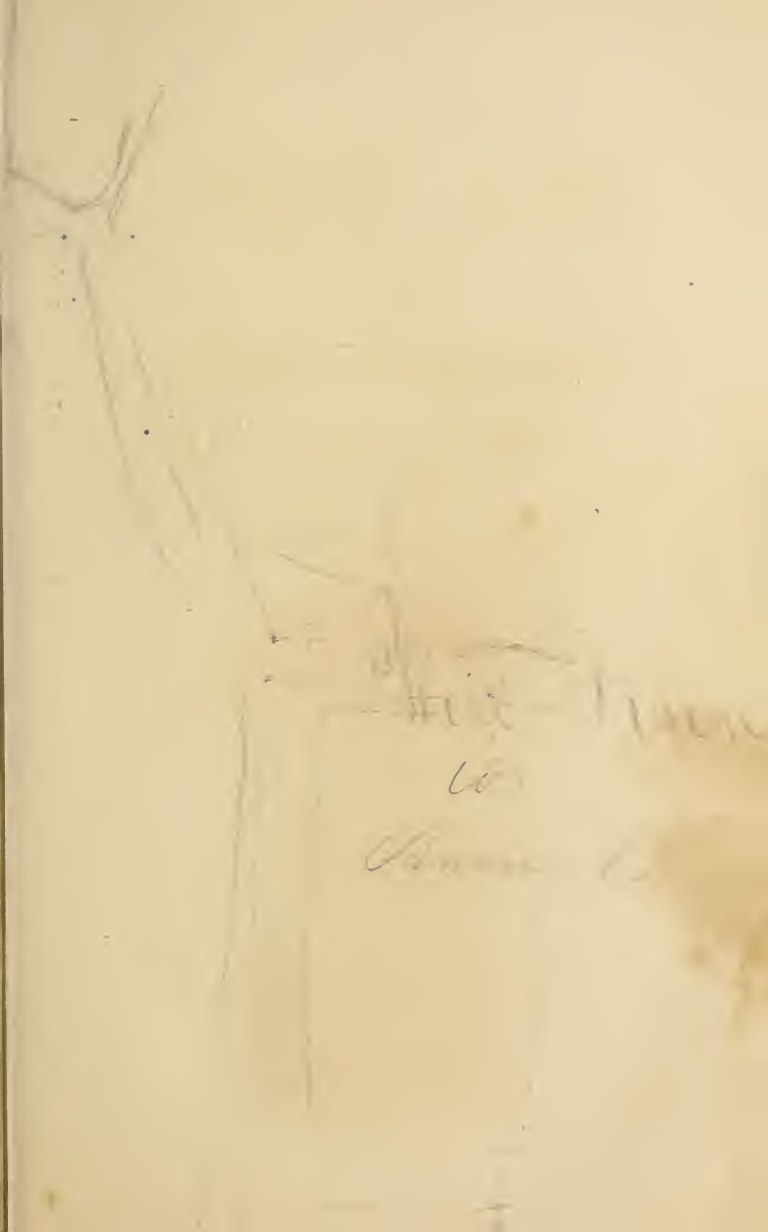

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THE

VESTRY HARP,

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

ADAPTED TO

SOCIAL AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED BY
REV. N. M. PERKINS.

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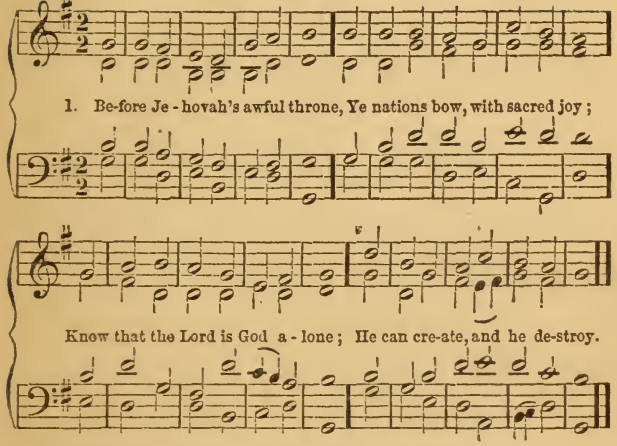
PREFACE.

This volume is given to the Christian public, as an aid in social and family worship. The design of the compiler has been to present sufficient fullness and variety to meet this end. Yet with the variety of taste and feeling naturally existing, it is not to be supposed that it will satisfy the wants and wishes of all. To these wants in part, hymns and tunes associated by long use have been preserved as nearly as possible in their original form. Others perhaps of equal merit, and endeared by peculiar religious associations, have been omitted of necessity. To have inserted all these would have rendered the book too costly and cumbrous for general use.

Many excellent hymn books, containing a large number of hymns expressive of the various degrees of religious experience, still include many others fitted only for retirement, and not adapted to the ends of social worship. It has been the aim to render most of the tunes and hymns of this book, available for such purposes. How far this has been accomplished, use will determine. If this little work may but edify the true Christian by enlarging his joys,—by administering solace and support in trial,—by imparting strength in the fulfillment of duty, or by furthering in any measure the aims of the gospel of Christ, the earnest wishes of the compiler will be abundantly gratified.

VESTRY HARP.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

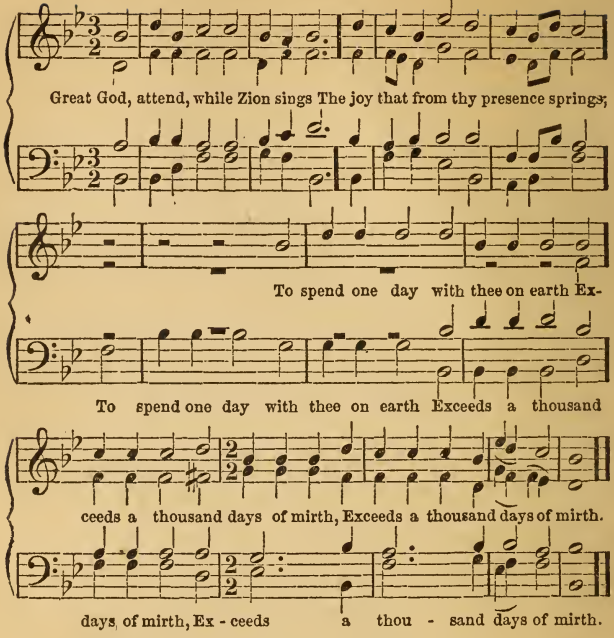


2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people; we His care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. WATTS.

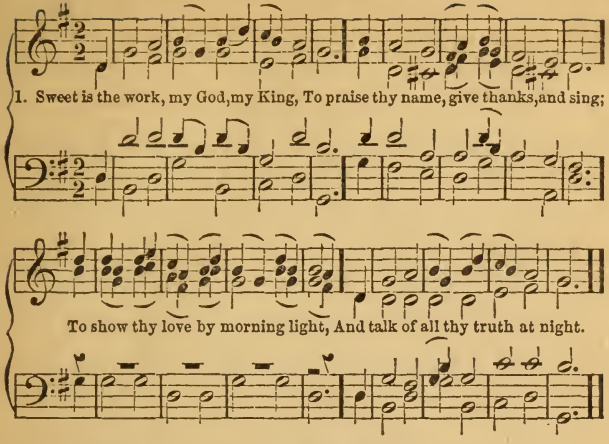


2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

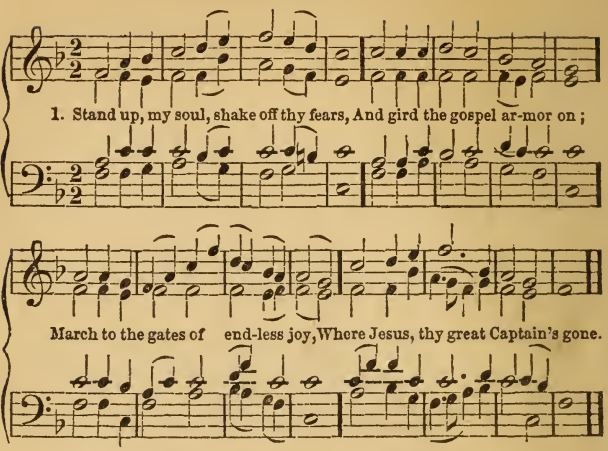
4 Then shall I hear, and feel and know
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

---

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come;
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail—
Thou, thou must breathe th'auspicious gale."

TOPLADY.



2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

---

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

---

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

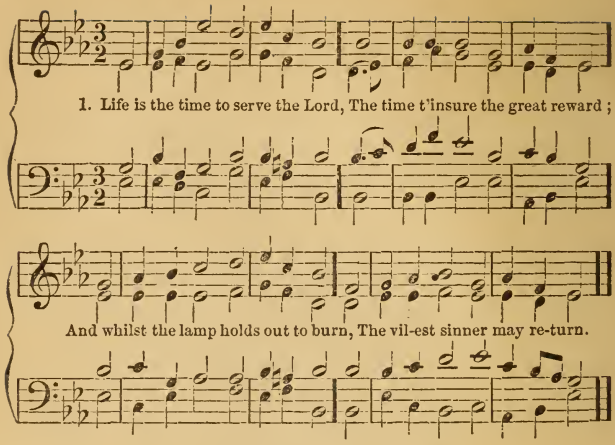
4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile. KELLY.

---

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On Thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Thou dost plead, and must prevail. STEELE.



2 Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might, pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

---

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given ;
But soon, ah, soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before God's bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear and save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God accept your sinful prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found !

---

1 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

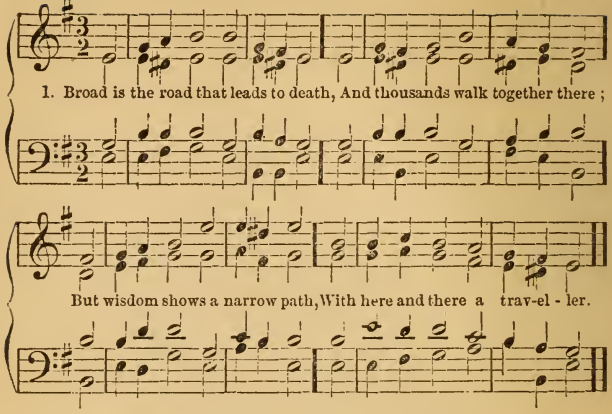
3 O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee. DODDRIDGE.

---

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse on thee ;
O Lord, behold us at thy feet ;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face ;
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place ! KELLY.



2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command :
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew. WATTS.

---

1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine !

2 But O their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys how fast they flee !
Just like a dream when man awakes ;

Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God. WATTS.

---

1 Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

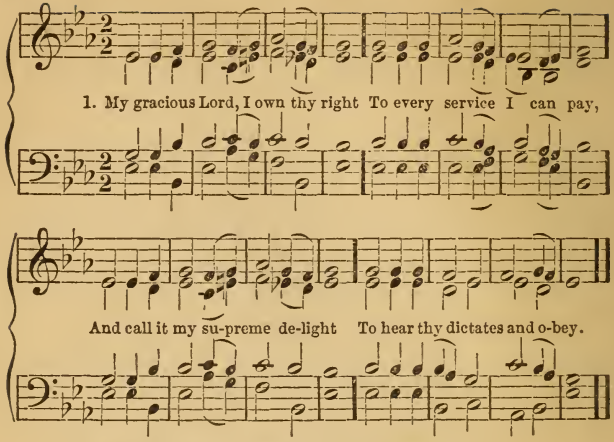
4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment look severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

---

1 Why should we start, and fear to die ?—
What timorous worms we mortals are :—
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there. WATTS.



2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

---

1 Return, O wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, O wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, O wandering soul, return ;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live ;
Go view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn ;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

---

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.

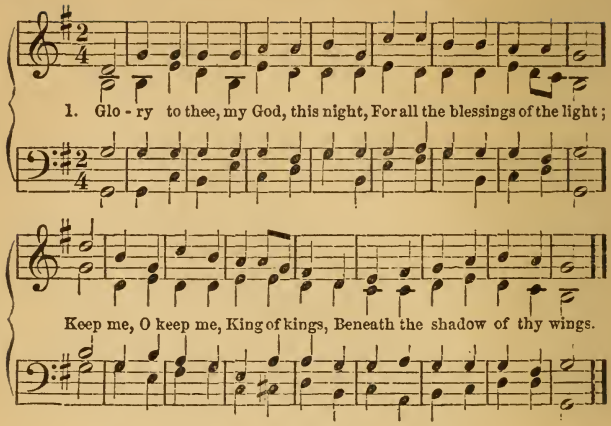
4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

---

1 Here, blessed God, behold a few
Who would observe thy holy Word ;
O, may we find thy promise true,
That they "shall live who seek the Lord!"

2 O let our faith and joy abound,
While we approach thy mercy-seat,
Since often have thy people found
An hour so spent divinely sweet.

3 While thus with thee we close the day,
To every waiting soul be near ;
And may we all have cause to say,
'T was good for us to worship here !



2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

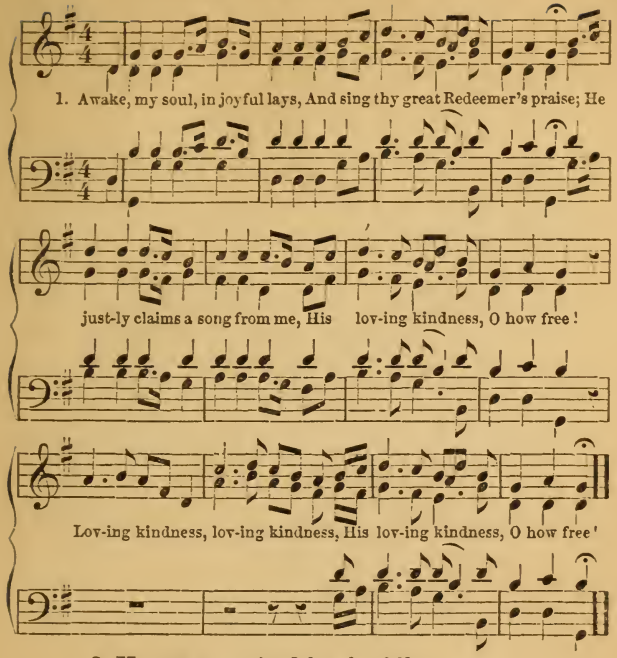
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

---

1 Our Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose generous care,
Begin, and crown, and close, the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.



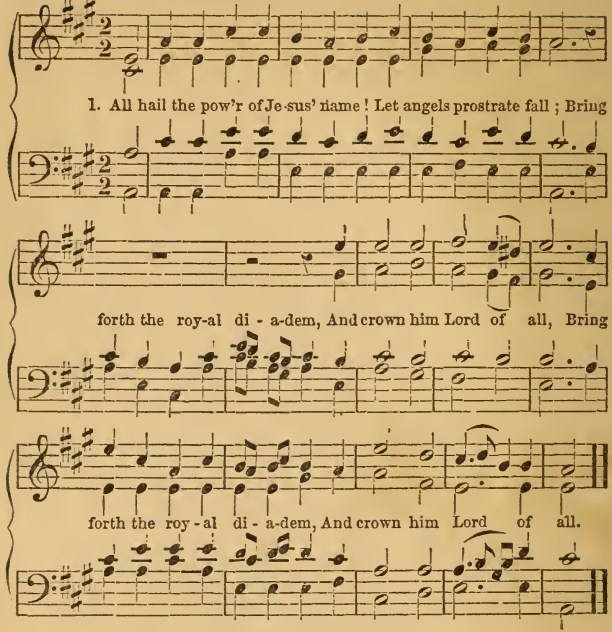
2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O, how great!

3 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass this gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

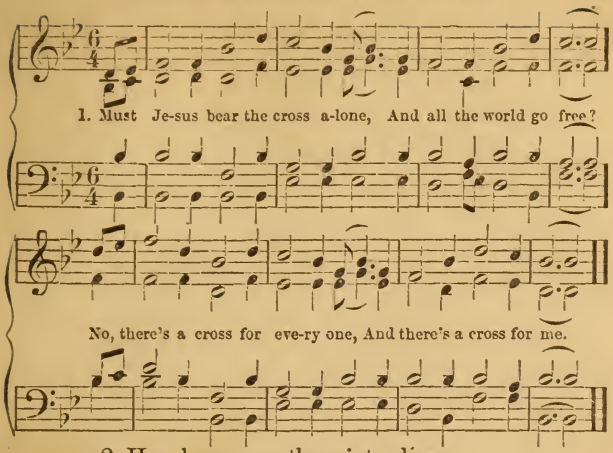


2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me.

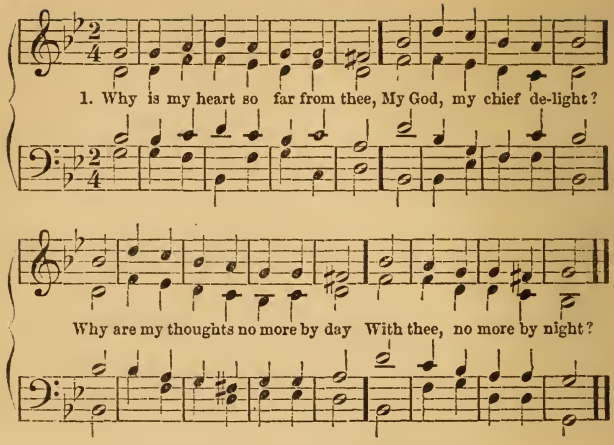
---

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word. WATTS.



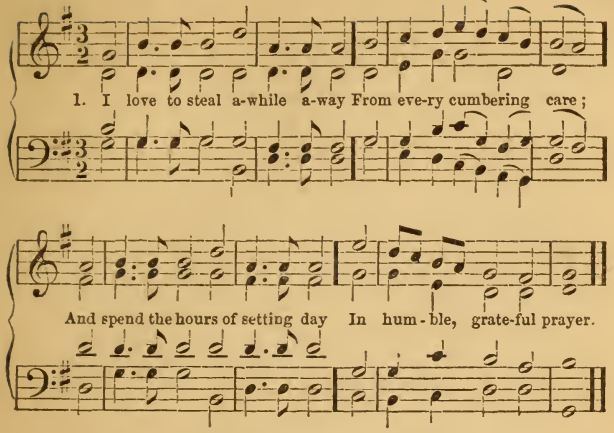
1 Why is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passion rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go? WATTS.



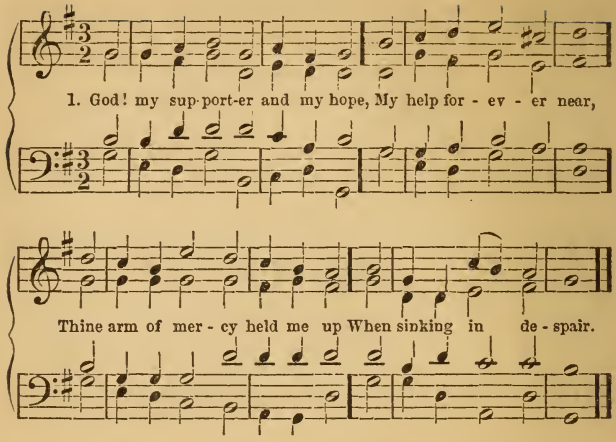
1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. MRS. BROWN.



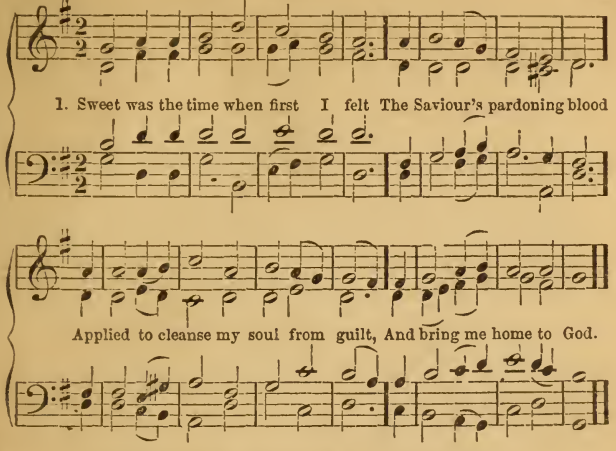
1 God! my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 But to draw near to thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ:
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy. WATTS.



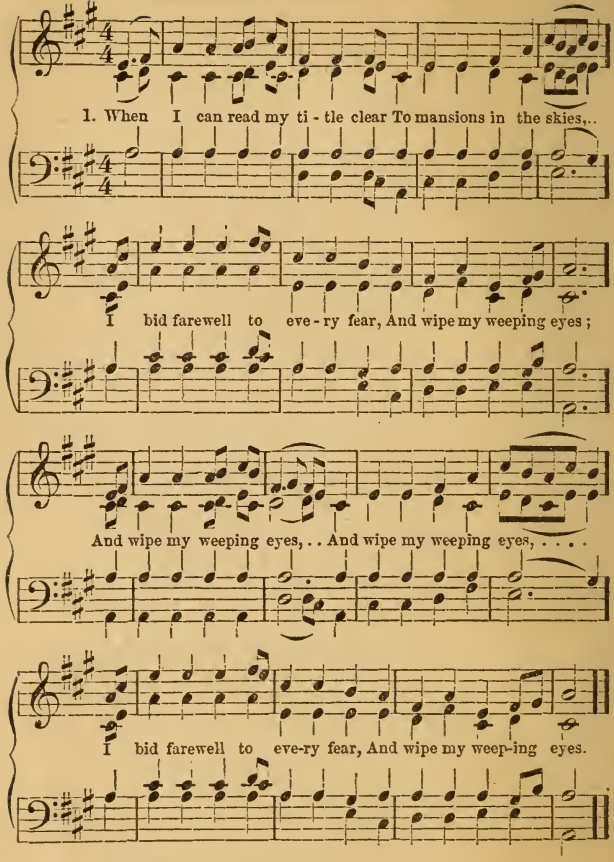
1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share. NEWTON.



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. WATTS.

---

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

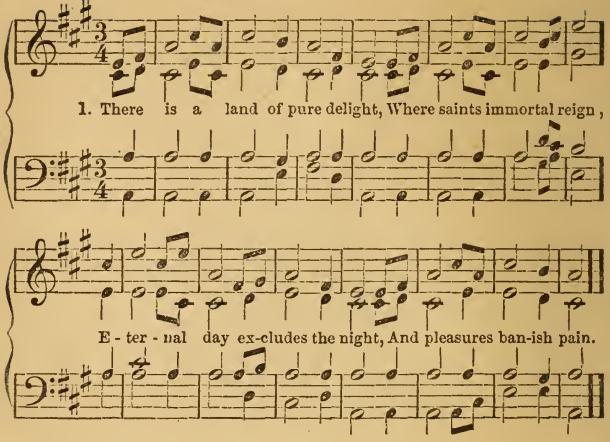
5 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
I'd fearless launch away. S. STENNET.

---

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th'almighty throne.

3 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by. WATTS.



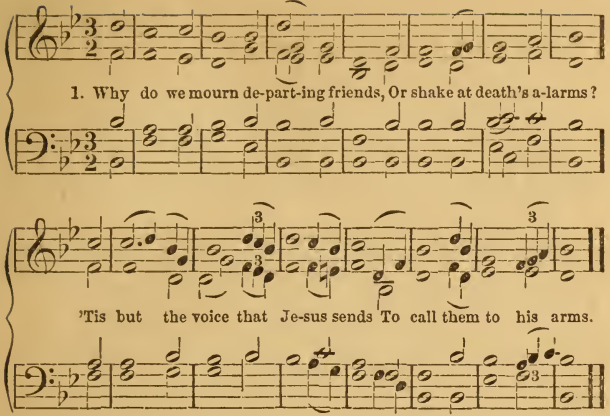
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.



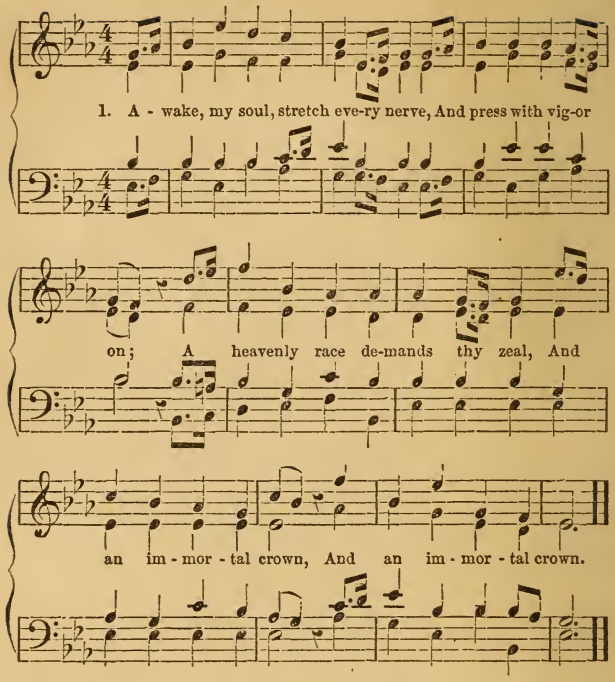
2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

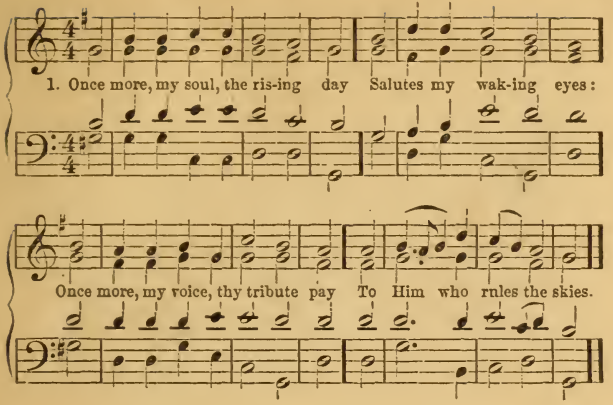
6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies. WATTS.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down. DODDRIDGE.



2 'T is he supports my mortal frame :
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

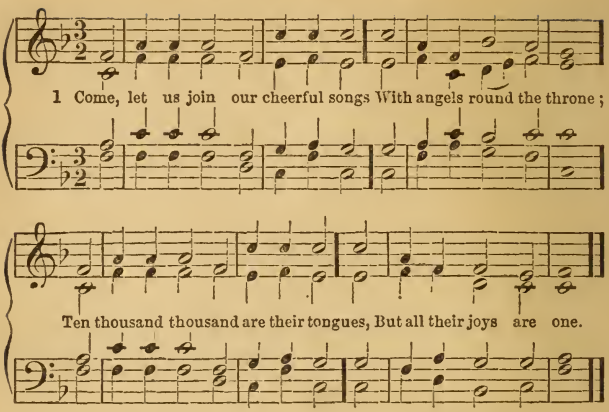
3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

---

1 Come, Lord, in mercy come again,
With thy converting power ;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
O send a gracious shower.

2 Dear Saviour, come with quick'ning power,
Thy mourning people cry ;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

3 Once more let converts throng thy house,
And shouts of victory raise ;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

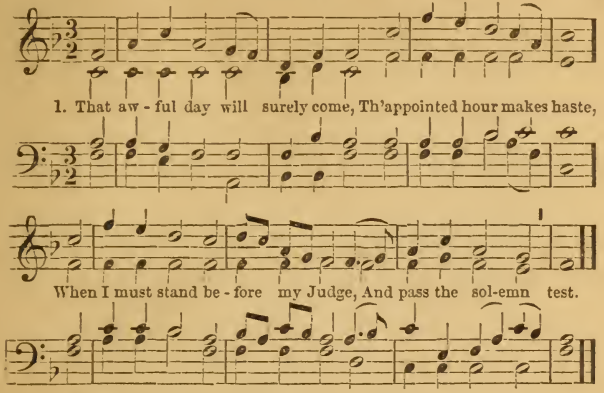
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

---

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me. C. WESLEY.



2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—Depart!

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast,
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

4 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands. WATTS.

---

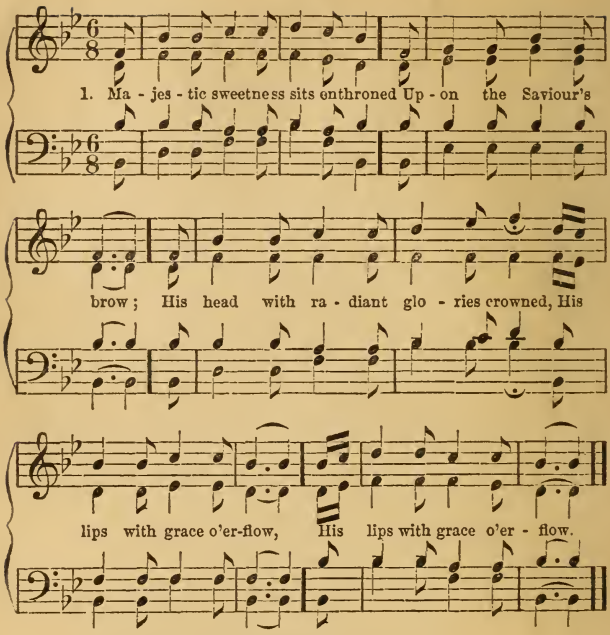
1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home!

3 Thy pardoning love, so sweet, so free,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. STEELE.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Th. Hastings.

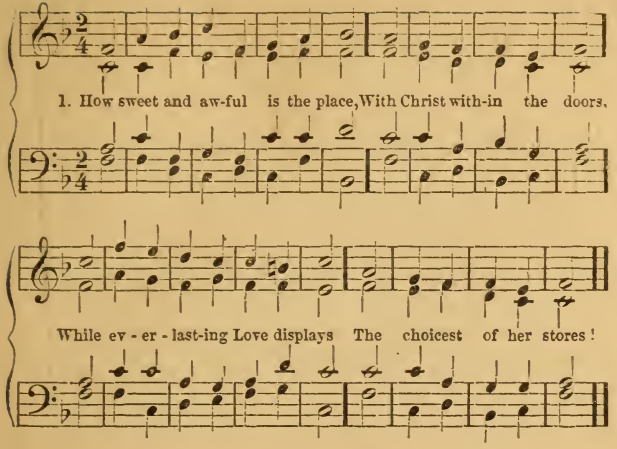


2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine. S. STENNET.



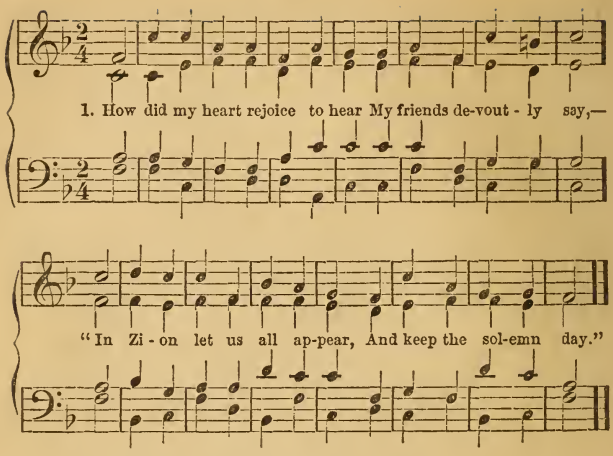
2 While all our hearts and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace. WATTS.



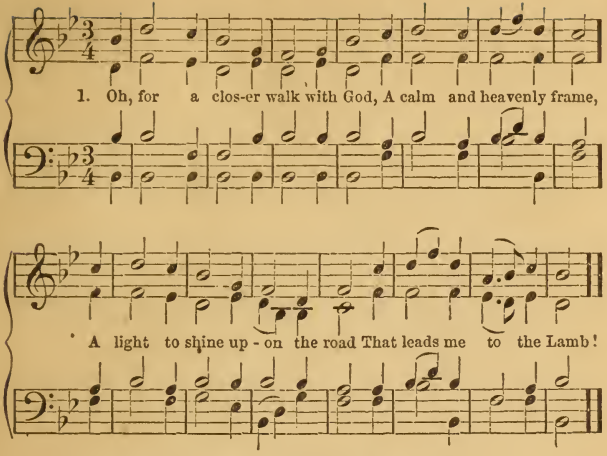
2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our prâises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns. WATTS.



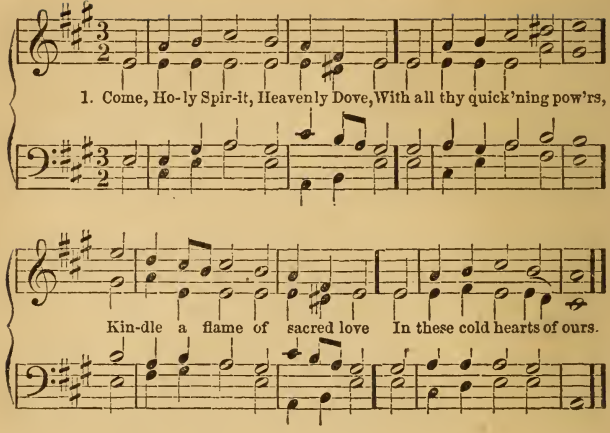
2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

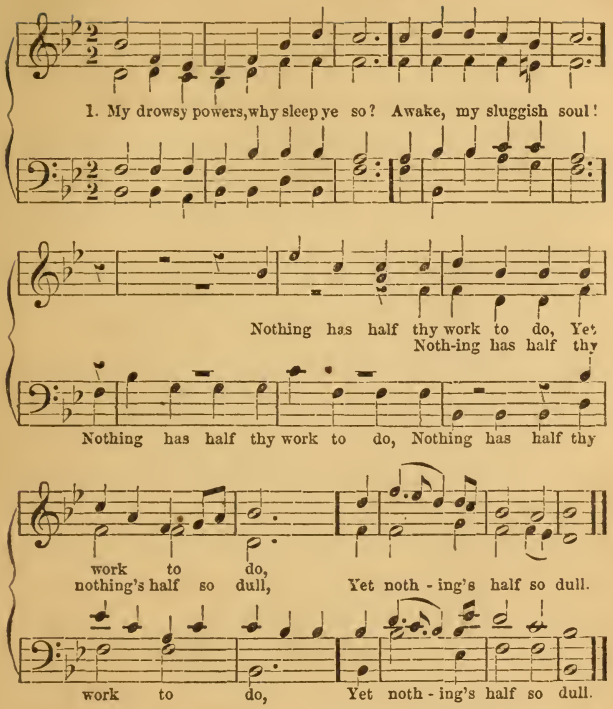
2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

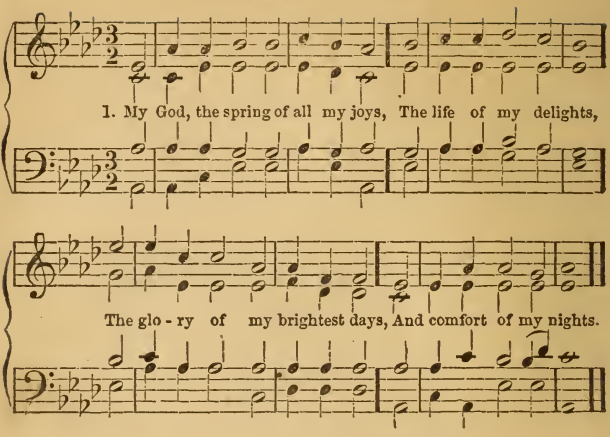
WATTS.



2 We, for whom God the Son, came down
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

3 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And melt our frozen hearts.

4 Give us with active zeal to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.



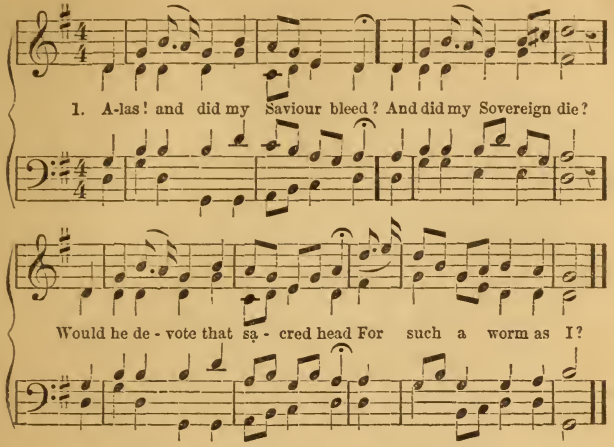
1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through. WATTS.



1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

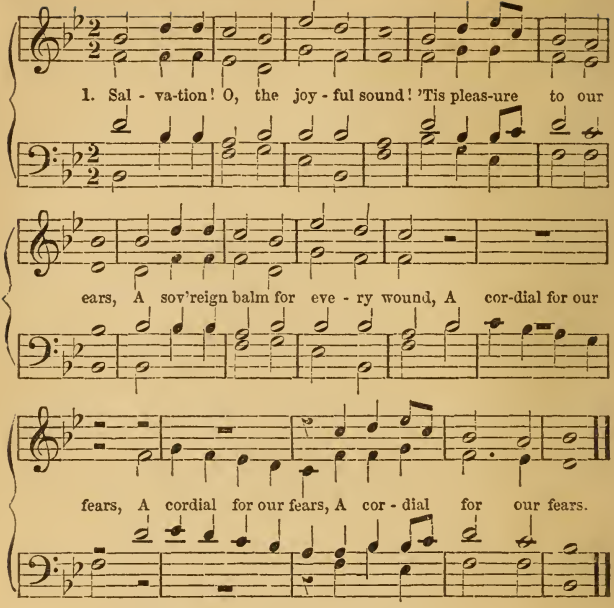
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

WATTS.



2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. WATTS.

---

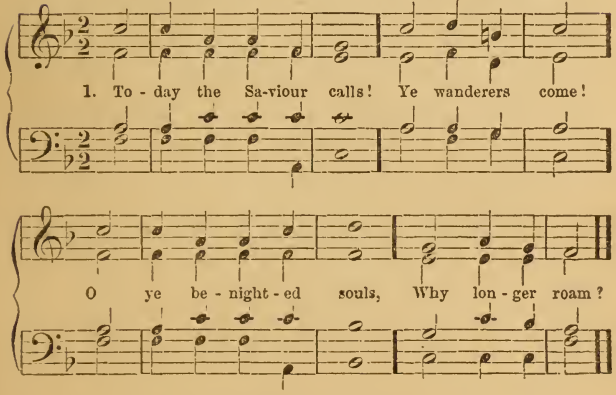
1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry. WATTS.

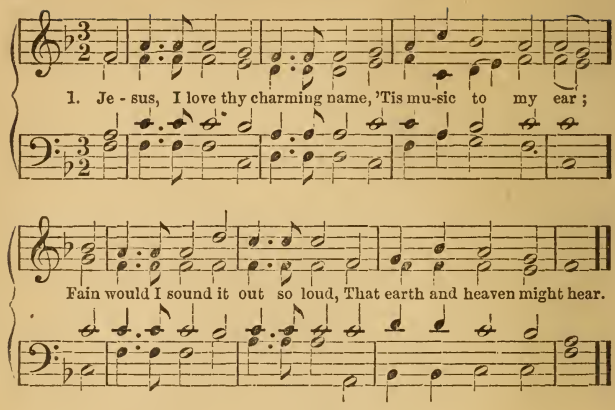
TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.



2 To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh! listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power:
Oh! grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.



2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

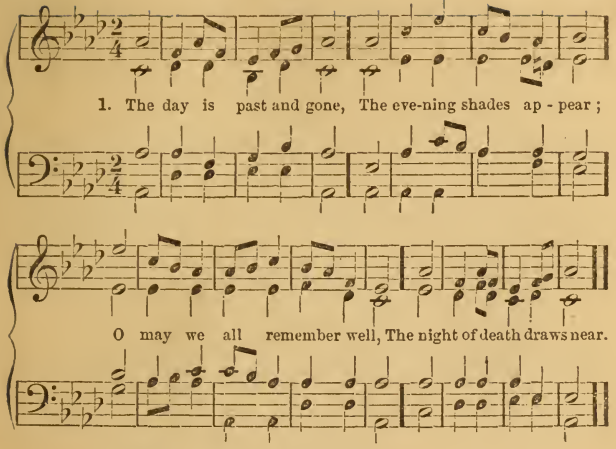
4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

---

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 'T is love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But they can never love.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss. WATTS.



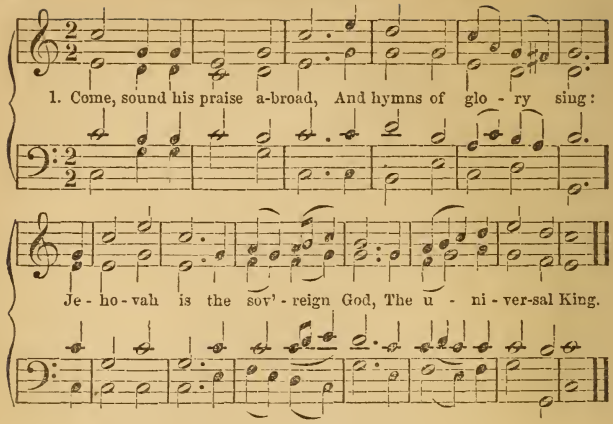
1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near !

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,—
The bosom of thy love ! LELAND.



2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. WATTS.

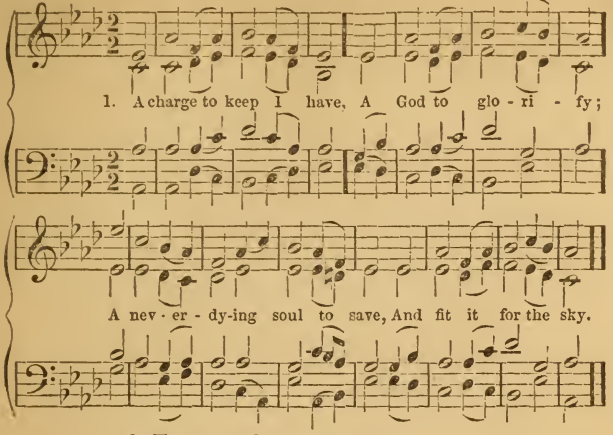
---

1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. DODDRIDGE.



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

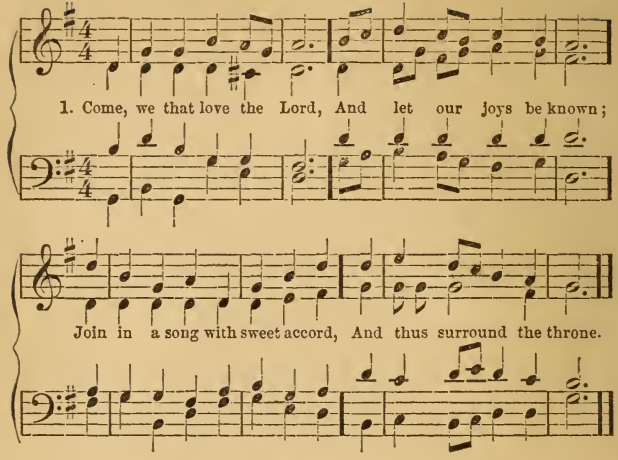
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thy grace rely;
O, let me ne'er my trust betray,
But faithful live and die. WESLEY.

---

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there. BEDDOME.



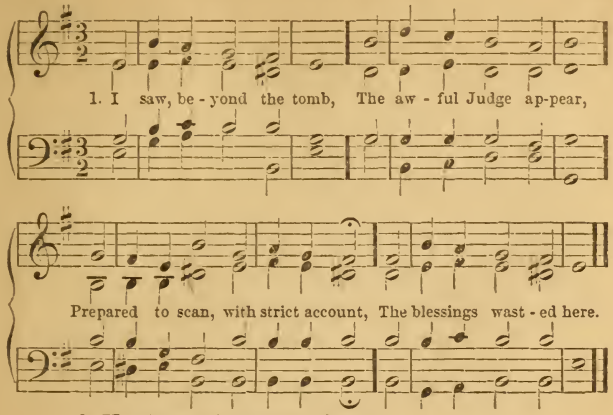
2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad,

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.



2 Ye sinners! fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

3 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinners! then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

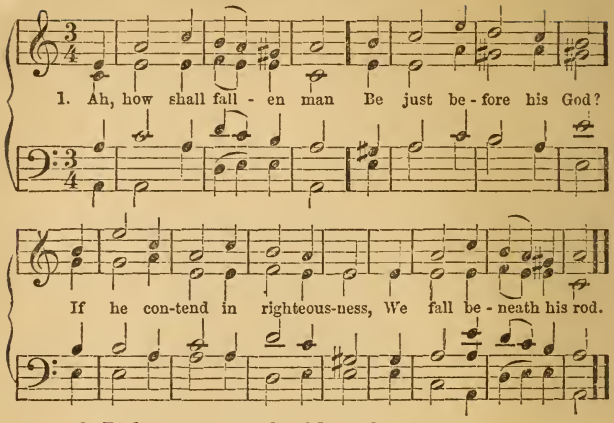
---

1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace, so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.



2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

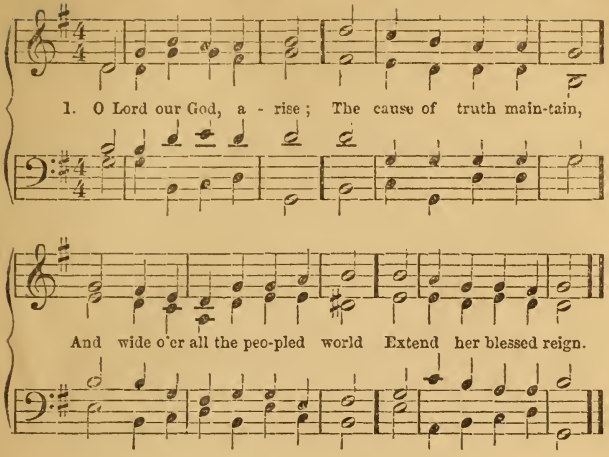
4 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

---

1 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

2 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

3 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.



2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

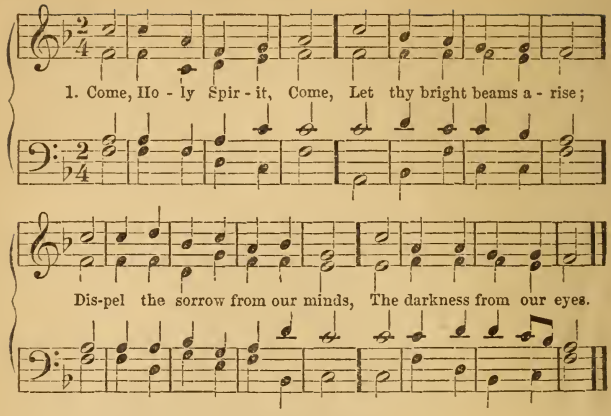
3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand Thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

---

1 'Tis God, the Spirit, leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

2 Assisted by His grace,
We still pursue our way
And hope, at last, to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act;
His be the glory, too.



2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

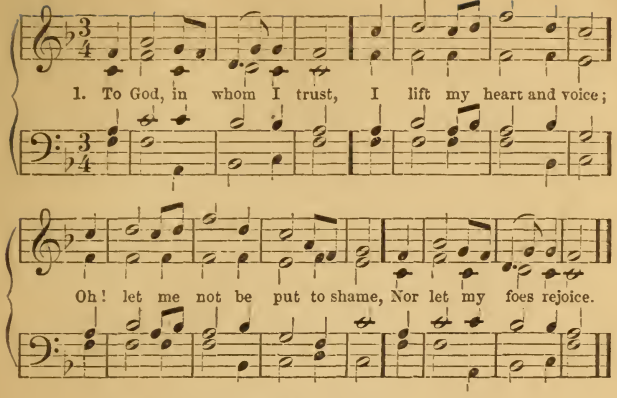
4 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

---

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace
The servants of my God.



2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

3 His mercy, and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

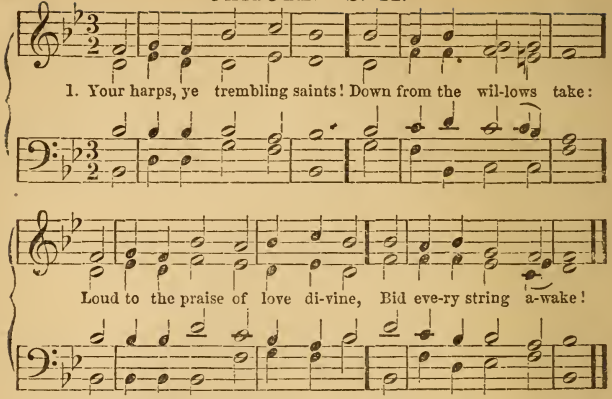
---

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appears,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care. NEWTON.



2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine:
Nor present things—nor things to come
Shall quench this spark divine.

---

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God:
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. DWIGHT.

---

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead for all the human race
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

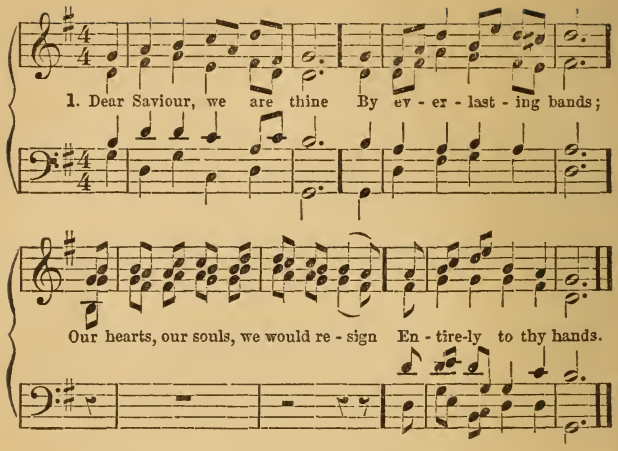
---

1 O LORD! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And make our feeble graces thrive,
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer!
Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near!—
Our souls on thee rely. HASTINGS.



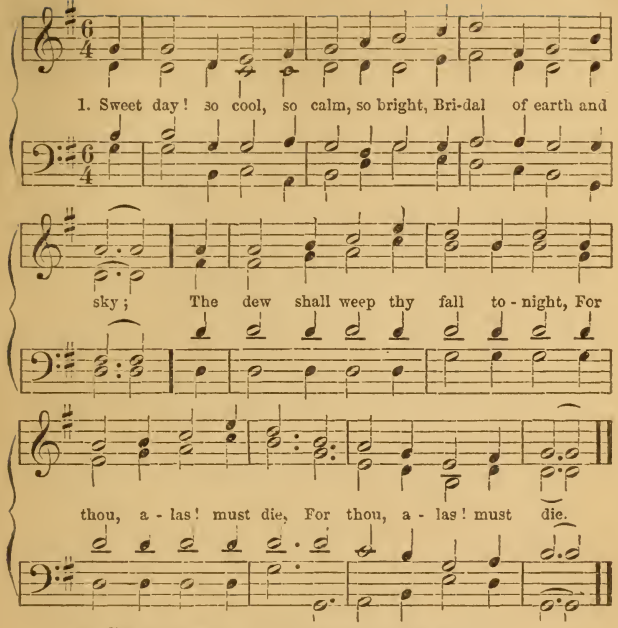
1 Dear Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

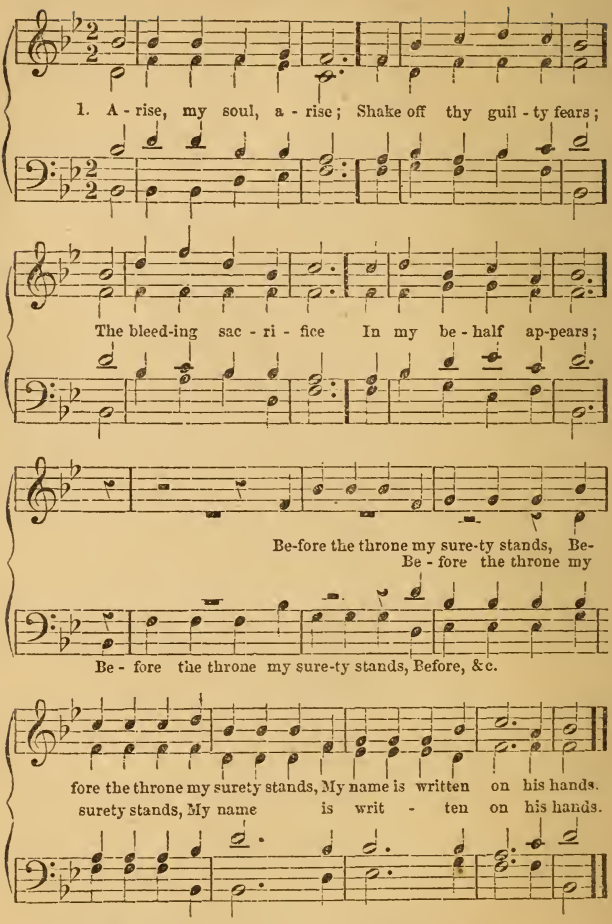
5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there. DODDRIDGE.



2 Sweet Rose! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye;
Thy root is even in the ground,
And thou, alas must die.

3 Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas! must die,

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly:
While flow'rs decay, and seasons roll,
It lives, and cannot die. HERBERT.



2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The Dear Anointed One ;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son ;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child ;
I can no longer fear :
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry. WESLEY.

---

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

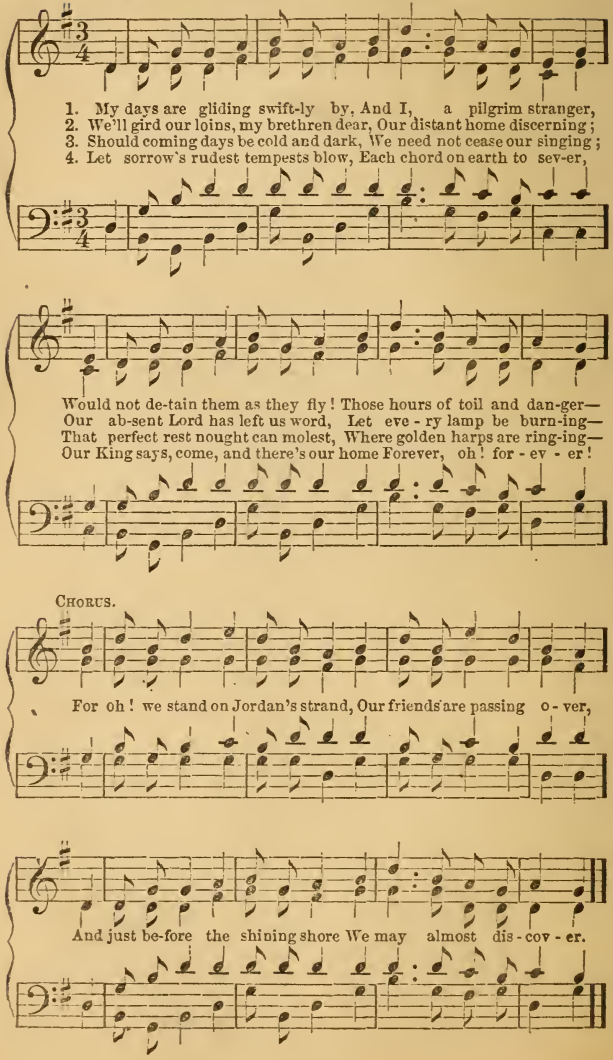
2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

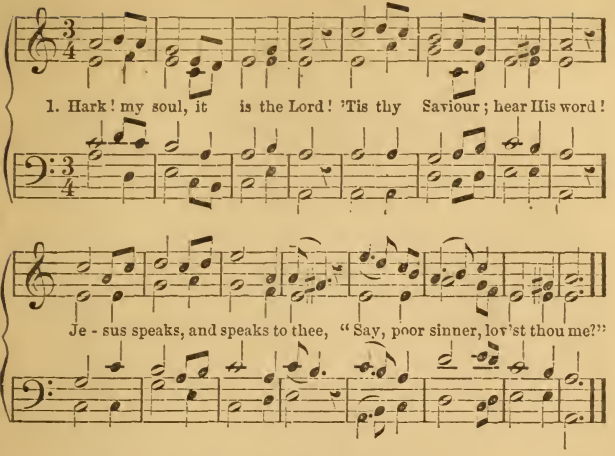
3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace :
Ye happy souls, draw near ;
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. TOPLADY.

"THE SHINING SHORE." 8s & 7s.

GEO. F. ROOT. From "S. S. Bell," by permission.





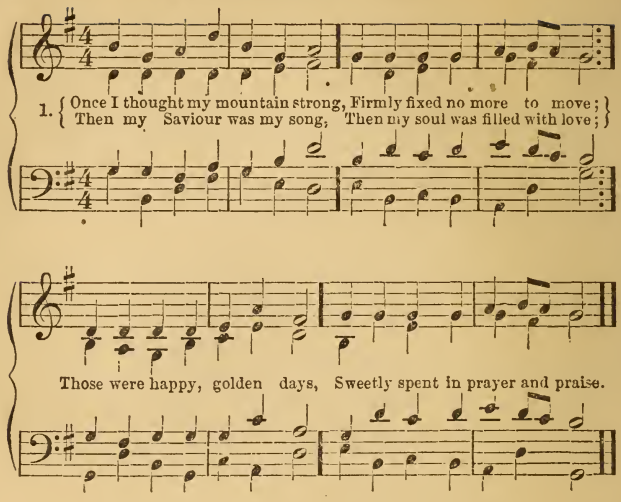
2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon;
When thy work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

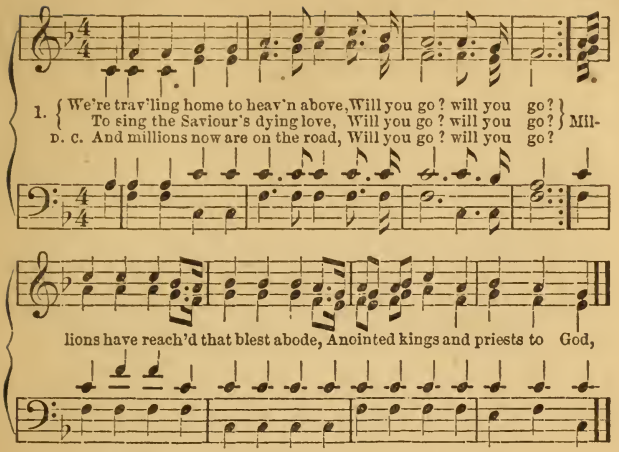
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore—
O for grace to love thee more. COWPER.



1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

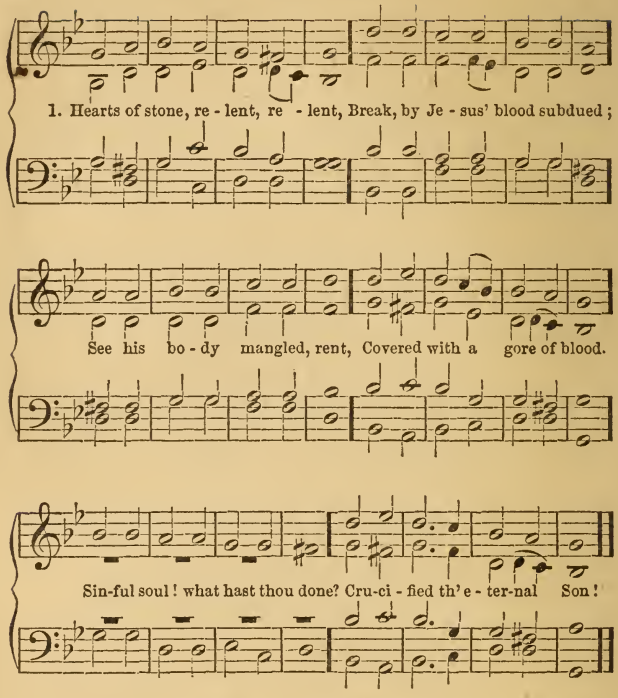
3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee. NEWTON.



2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise His name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

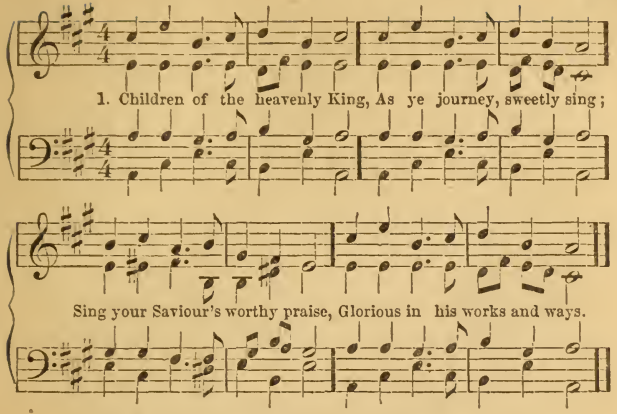
3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on Him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Come, believe.

4 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see,
Come to Me."



2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a bloody spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,—
For a sinful world, he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord?
Open all his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
"No! with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart."



2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

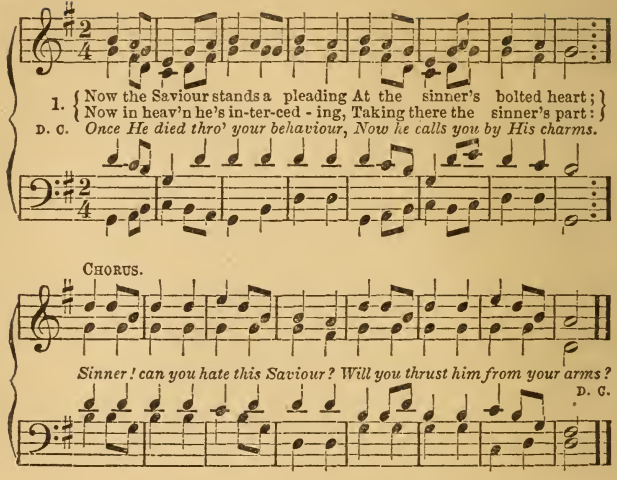
4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. CENNICK.

---

1 Lord! I can not let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

3 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake. NEWTON.

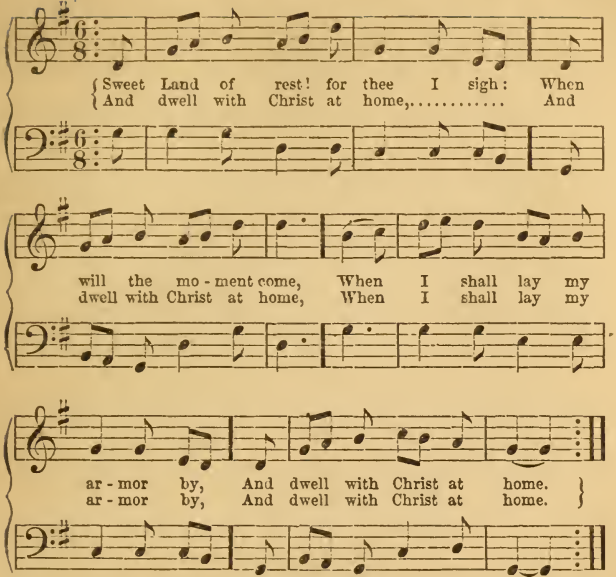


2 Sinner! hear your God and Saviour,
Hear His gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return and pray!

3 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy, or endless anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.

4 Now He's waiting to be gracious,
Now He stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store! LELAND.

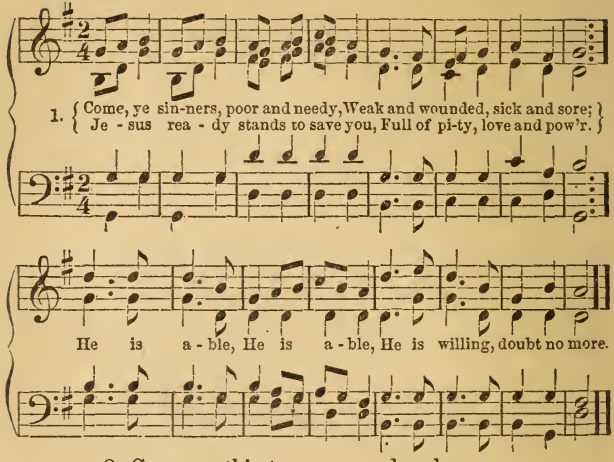


1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home. ANON.



2 Come ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished:"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. HART.

COME. 3s & 6s.

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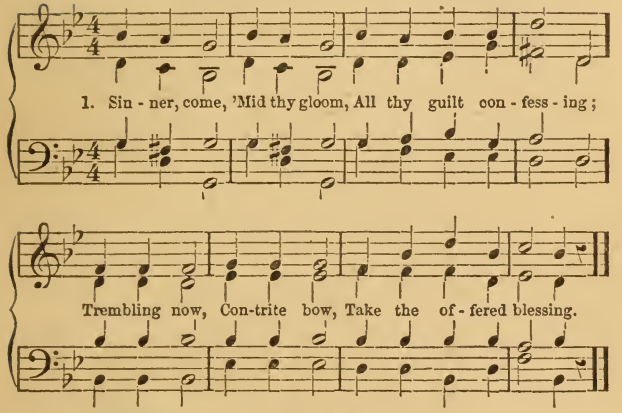
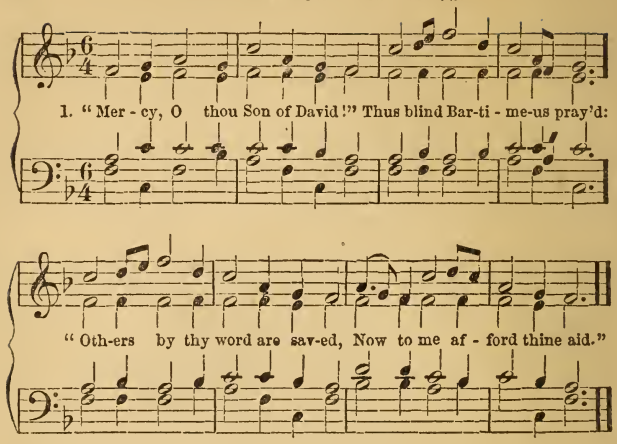


2 Sinner come, ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

3 Sinner come, to thy home,
High in heaven gleaming;
To the sky, lift thine eye,
With true sorrow streaming.

4 Sinner! haste, time fleets fast,
And the grave is yawning;
Win renown, seize the crown,
Eternity is dawning.



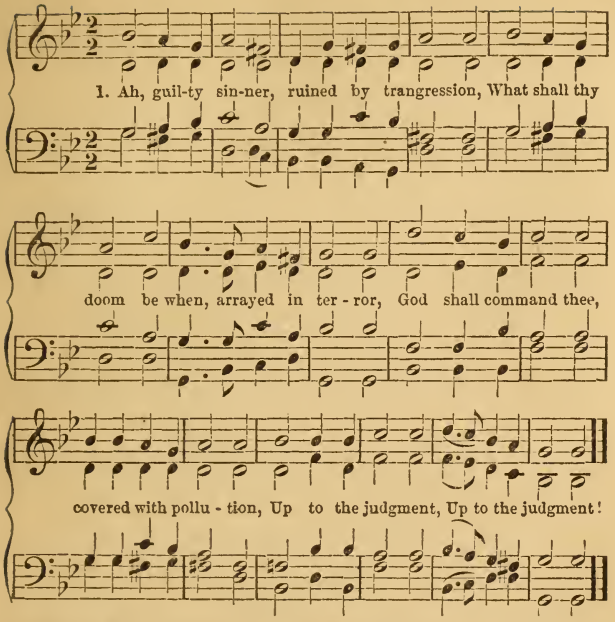
2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him—
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but He could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see." NEWTON.

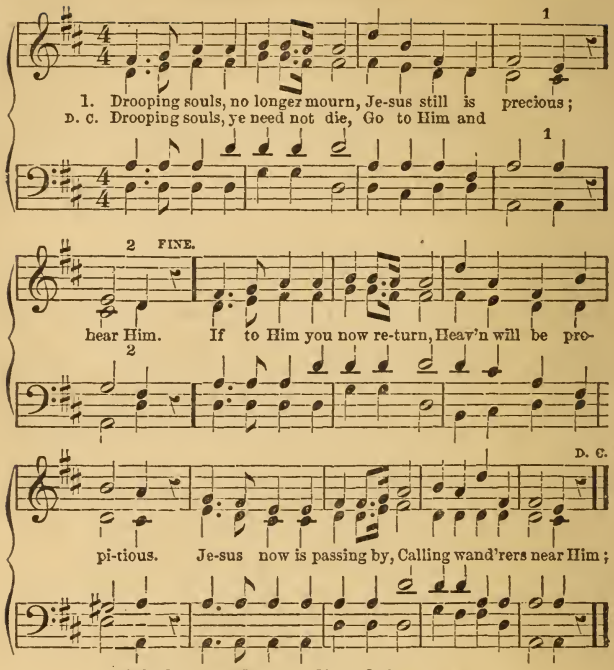


2 Oft has He called thee, but thou wouldst not hear Him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet He is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

3 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

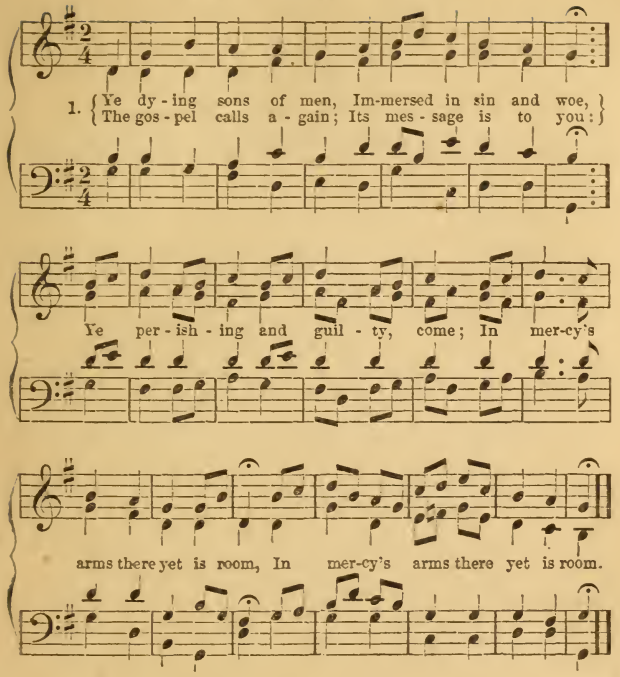
4 But, if you trifle with His gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment
Quit you for ever.

5 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning,
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace His pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.



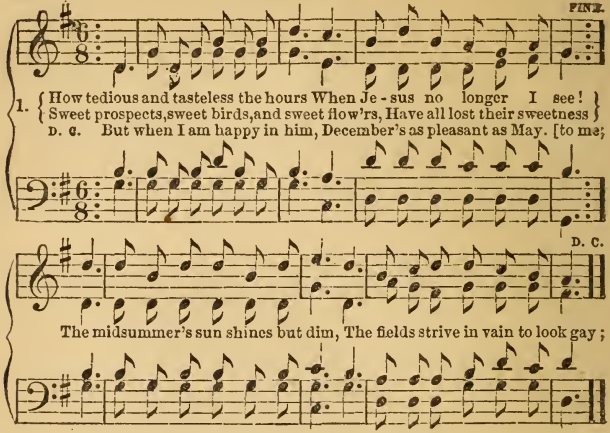
2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still He cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on Him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love Him;
He to save the dying came;
Go to Him and prove Him.
Wand'ring sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe Him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
Worship Him; receive Him.



2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame,
Christ bids you come to-day,
The poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

3 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring souls, draw near;
He calls you from above,
His melting accents hear:
O, whosoever will, may come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room. BODEN.

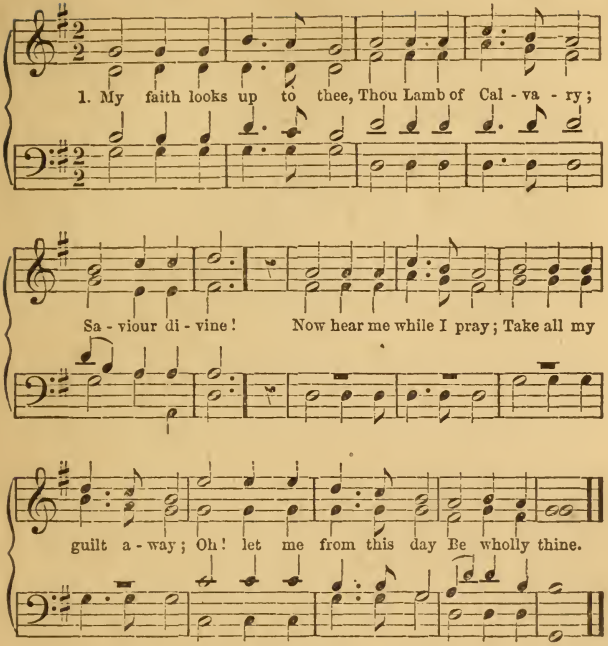


2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

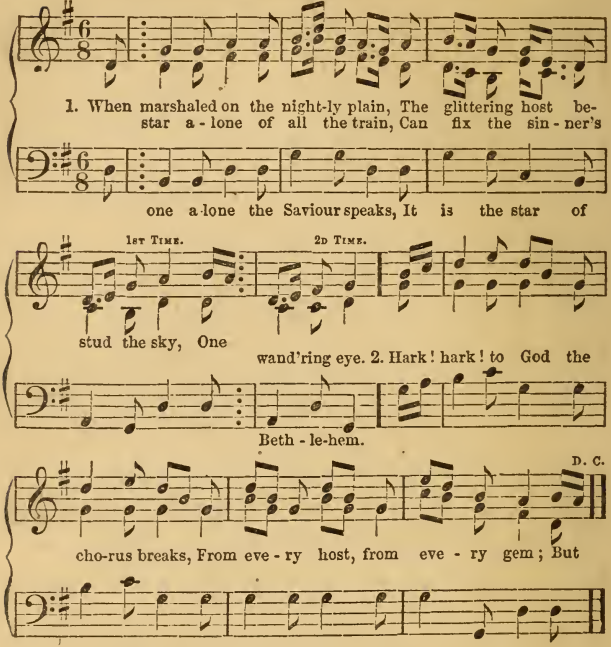
NEWTON.



2 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
Oh! bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.



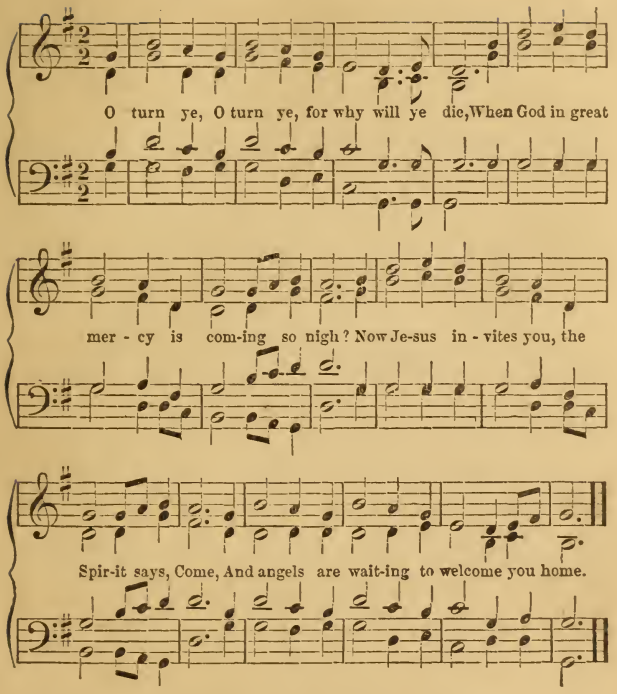
3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

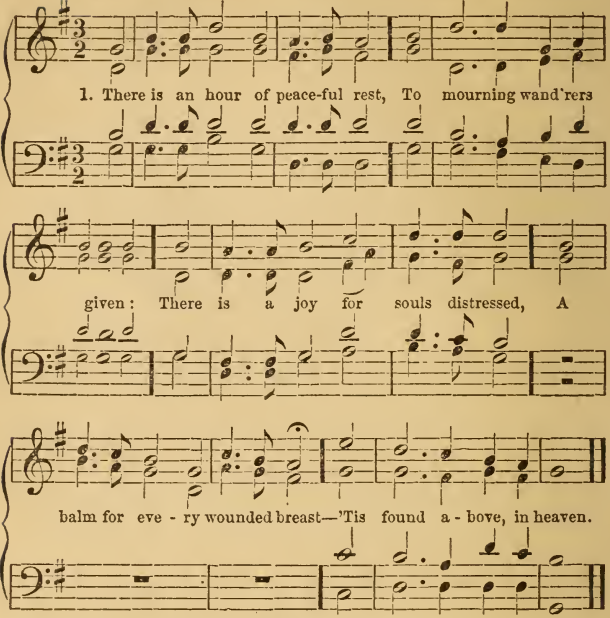
H. K. WHITE.



2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

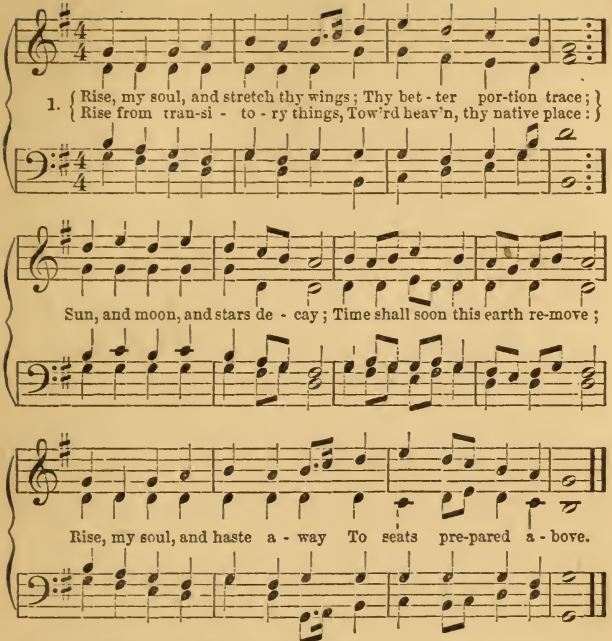
4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you! why will you not come!
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.



2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

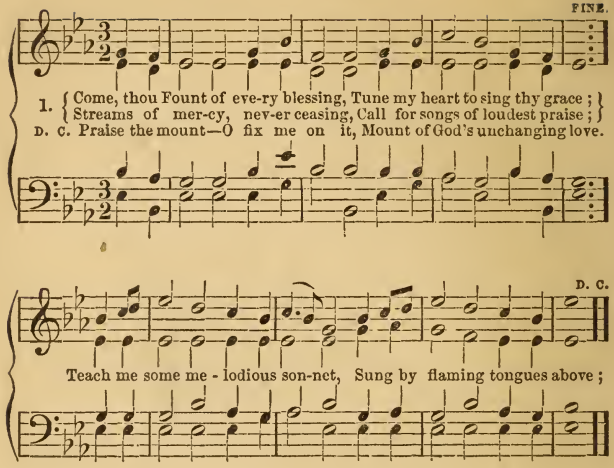
3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening-shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom;—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.



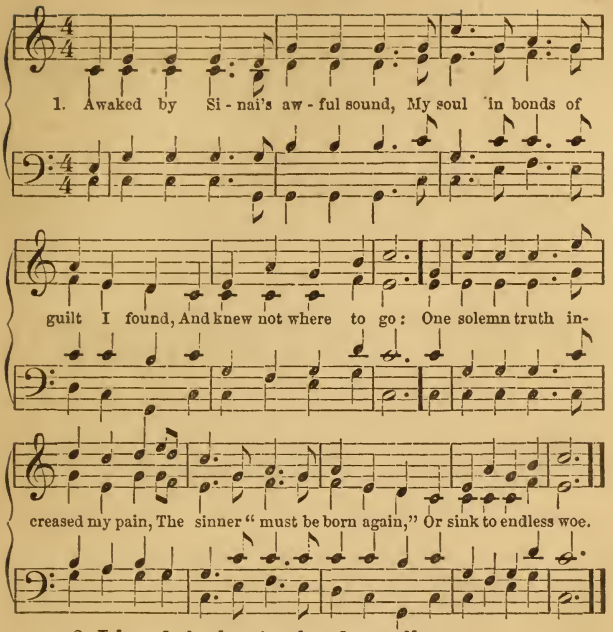
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to see his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven. CENNICK.



2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart ; Lord, take and seal it ;
Seal it from thy courts above. ROBINSON.

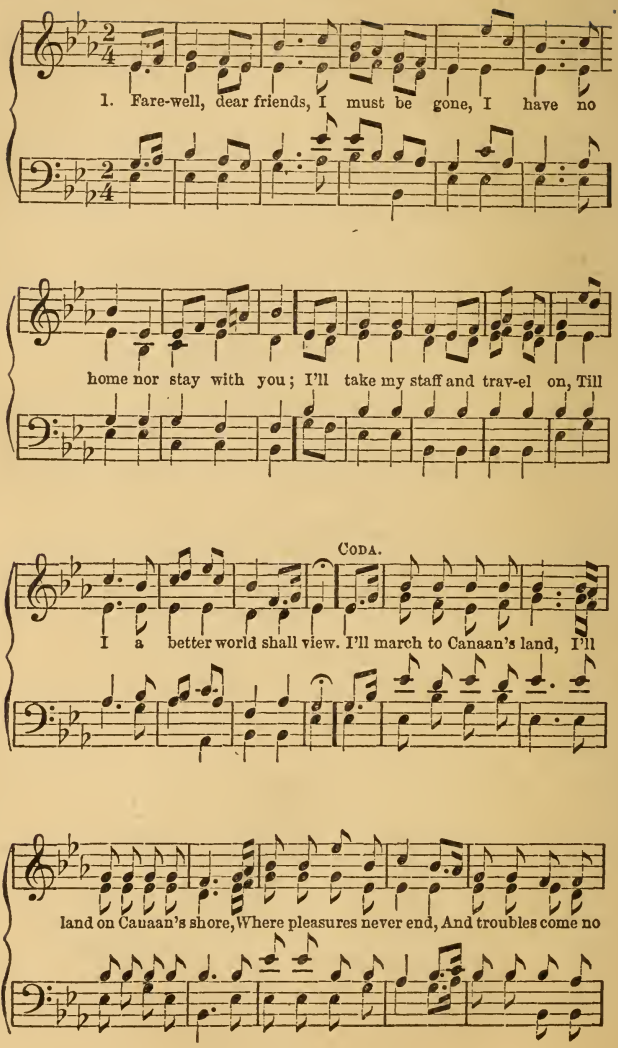


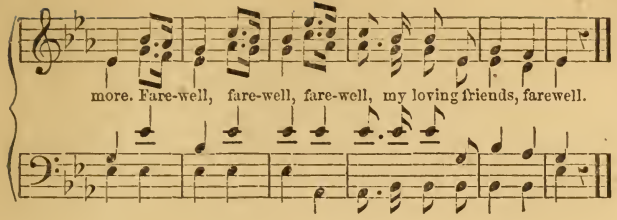
3 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

OCKUM.


1. Fare-well, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no
home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and trav-el on, Till
Coda.
I a better world shall view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no



2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe His gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.

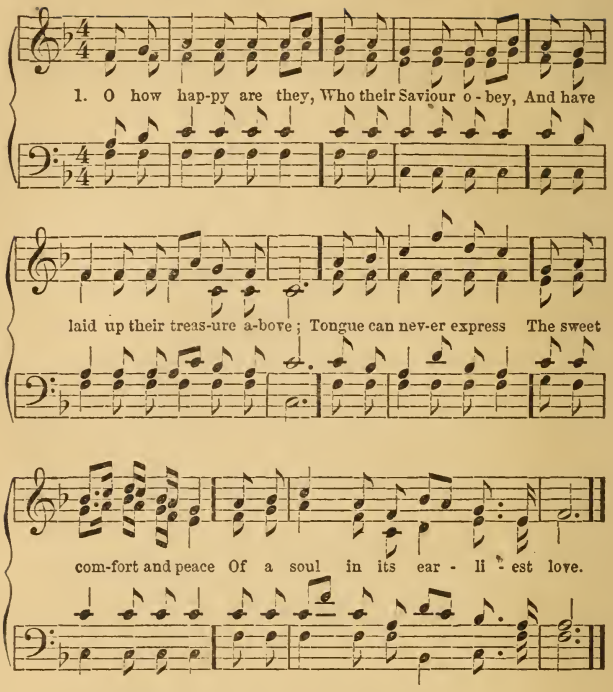
4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

5 Farewell, ye younger saints of God
Sore conflicts yet may wait for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

---

1 Come, Christian brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.



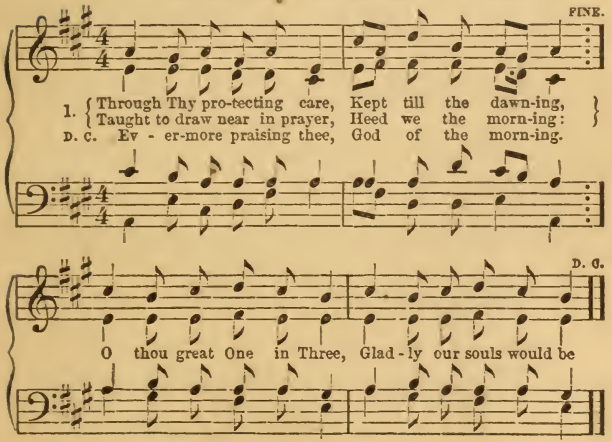
2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What true joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name?

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

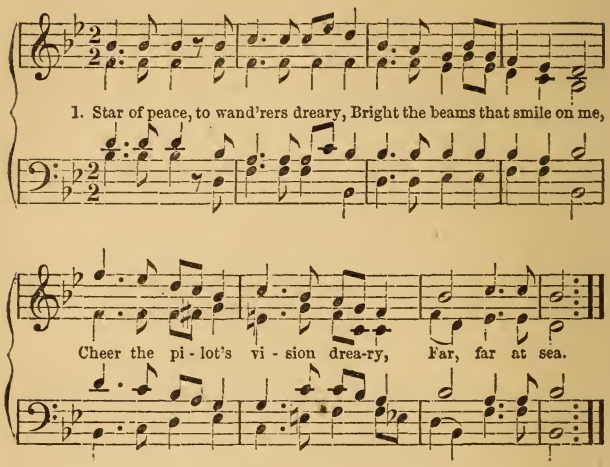
4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 O the rapturous height
O that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God. C. WESLEY.

MORNING. 6s & 5s. SPANISH AIR.



2 God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect pow'rs,
In thine hands taking:
In us thy work fulfil,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking.



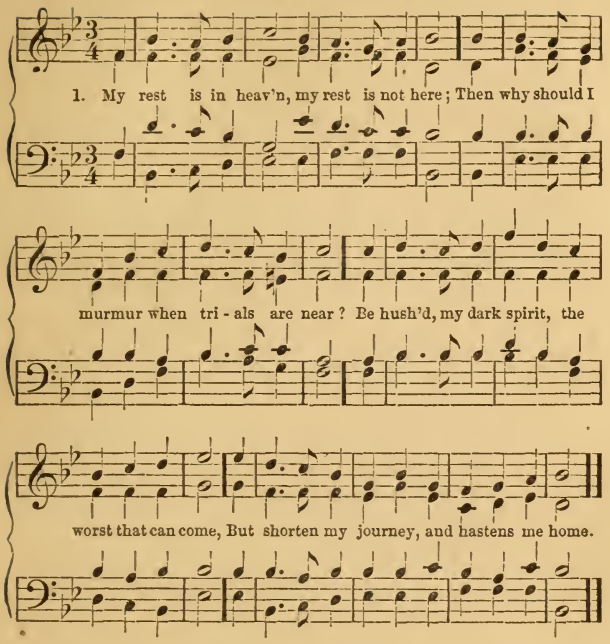
1 Star of peace, to wand'rers dreary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine! O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

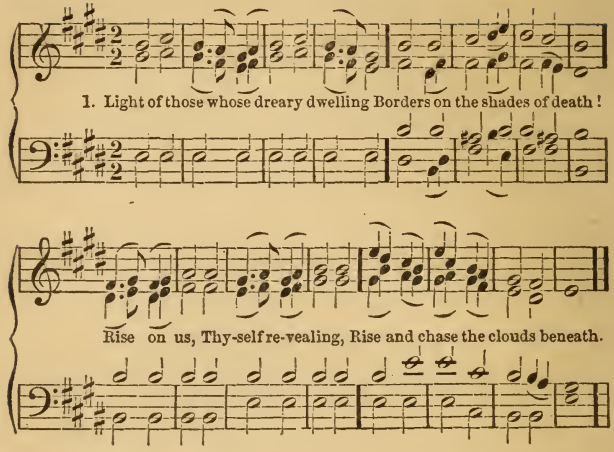
GEO. F. ROOT. "From S. S. Bell," by permission.



2 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask for no portion, seek not to be blest,
Till I find in my Saviour my joy and my rest.

3 Afflictions may grieve me, but can not destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy:
And bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

4 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this,
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.



1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death !
Rise on us, Thyself revealing—
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

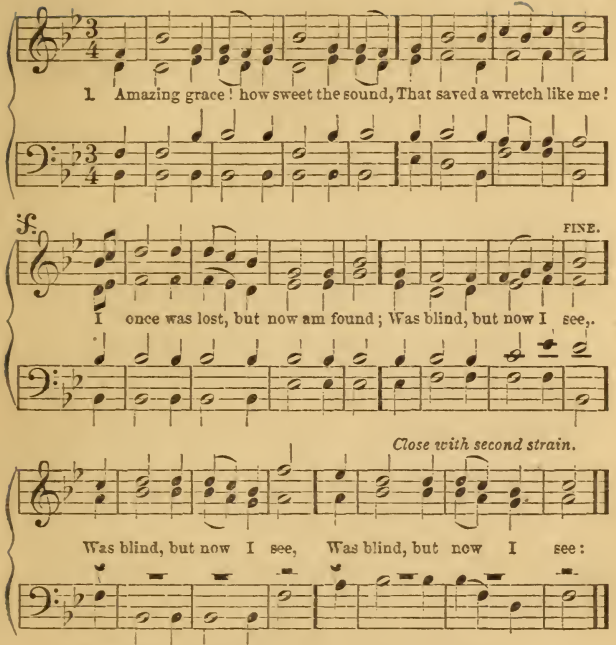
2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator !
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.

4 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince !
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

5 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release ,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

TOPLADY.

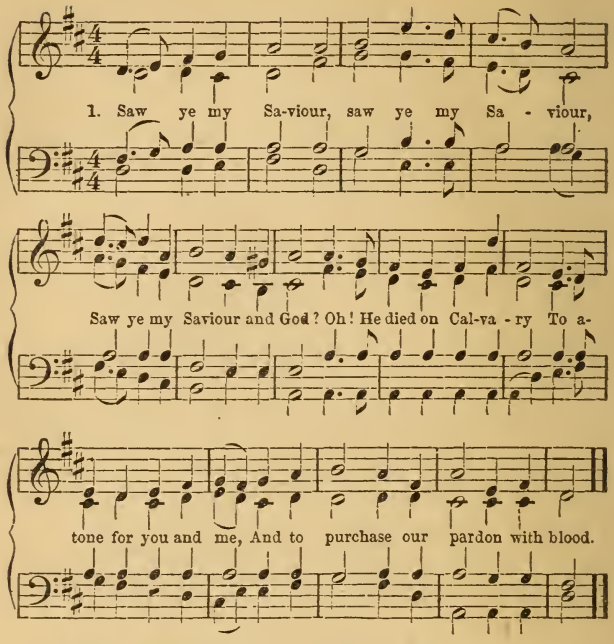


2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

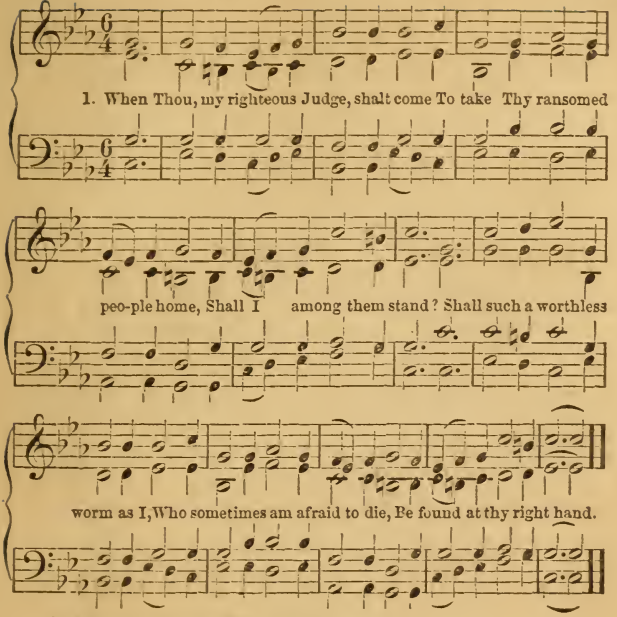
5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine. NEWTON.



2 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince, and the Author of peace!
O! He burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

3 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold My hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray Thee, forgive."

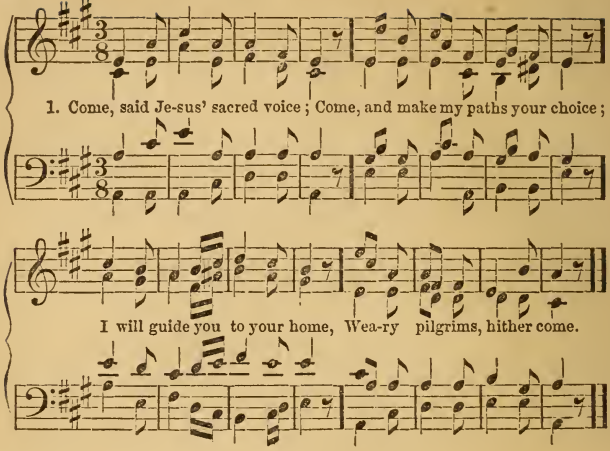
4 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
When they repent and believe,
Let them now return to Thee,
And be reconciled to Me,
And salvation they all shall receive."



2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing tho't,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace.



2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure! BARBAULD.

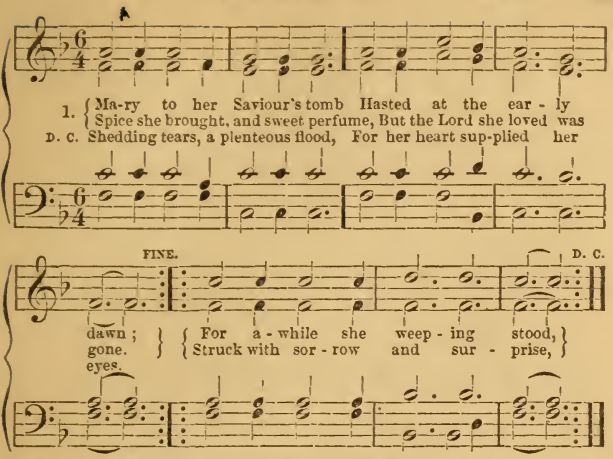
---

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

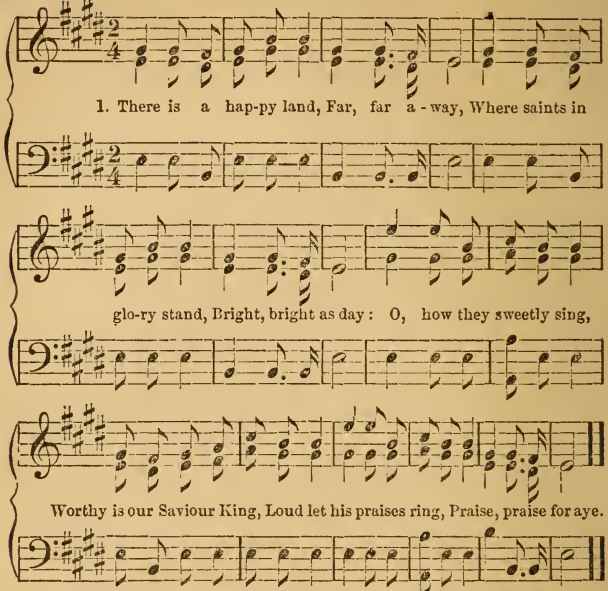
4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun. T. SCOTT.



1 Mary to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn ;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she lov'd was gone.
For awhile she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice ;
Just before she thought Him dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice ;
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
You who weep for Jesus' sake
He will wipe your tears away.

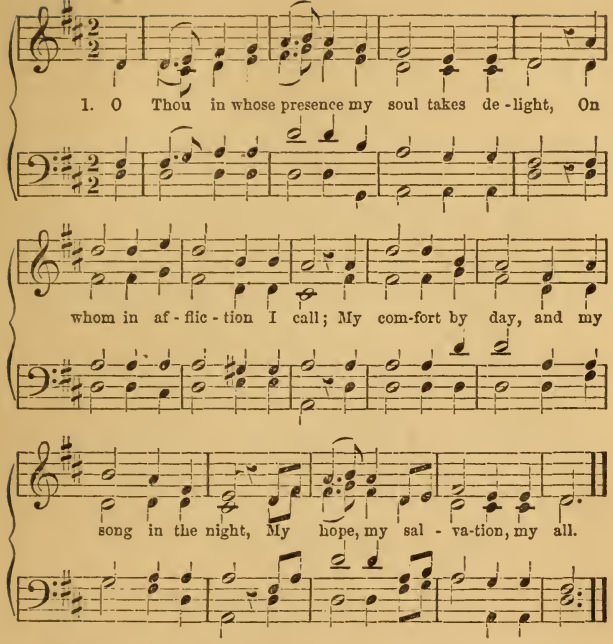
3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-toss'd,
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy. NEWTON.



1 There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land, come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land, beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.



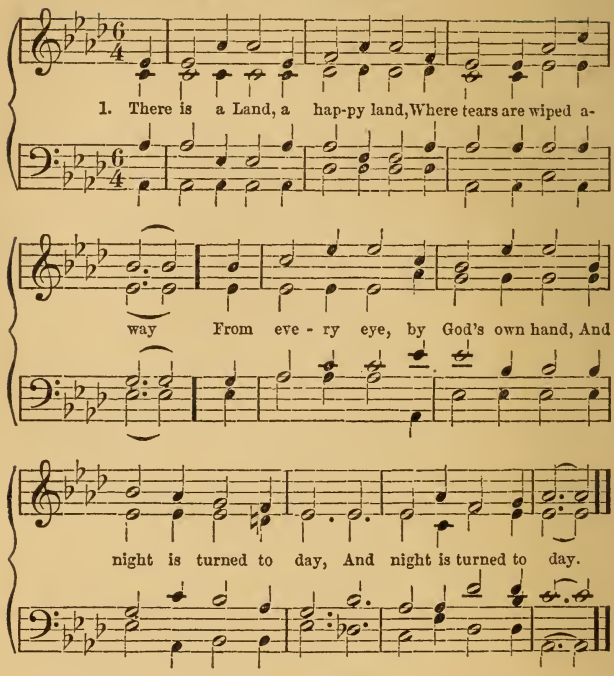
2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone;
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,
Thy soul-cheering favor impart:
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace,
Bring joy to my desolate heart. SWAIN.

From the "Hallelujah," by permission.



2 There is a Home, a happy home,
Where way-worn travellers rest,
Where toil and languor never come,
And every mourner's blest.

3 There is a Port, a peaceful port,
A safe and quiet shore,
Where weary mariners resort,
When life's rough voyage is o'er.

4 There is a Clime, a glorious clime,
A region fair and calm;
Where all around are scenes sublime,
And all the air is balm.

5 There is a Crown, a dazzling crown,
Bedecked with jewels fair ;
And priests and kings of high renown
That crown of glory wear.

6 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
That crown of glory bright ;
Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
And every burden light.

---

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

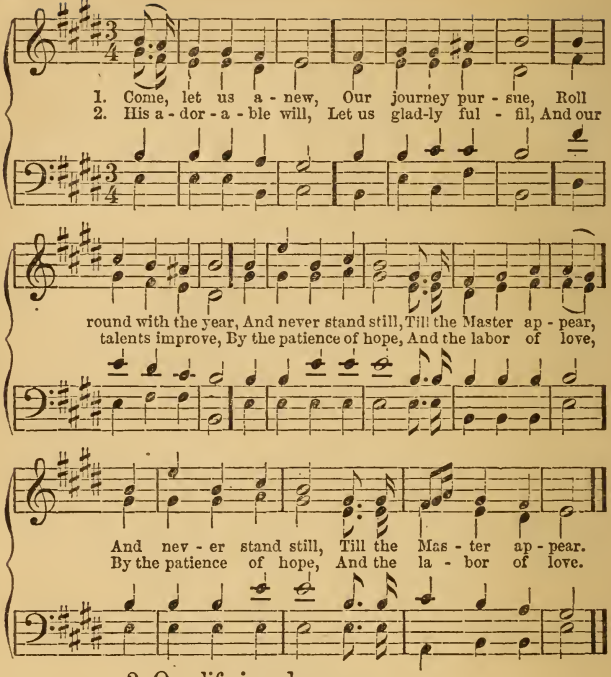
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee,
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet my salvation's free ;
Then in thy all abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

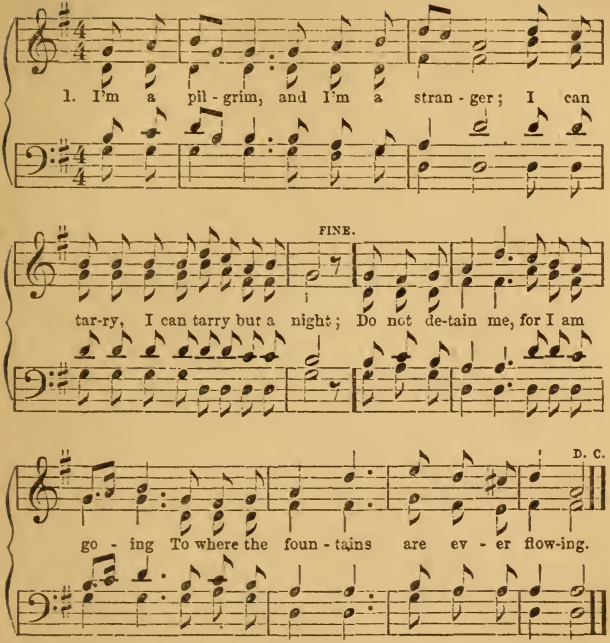
6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me. BURNHAM.



3 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.

4 Oh that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work
Thou didst give me to do.

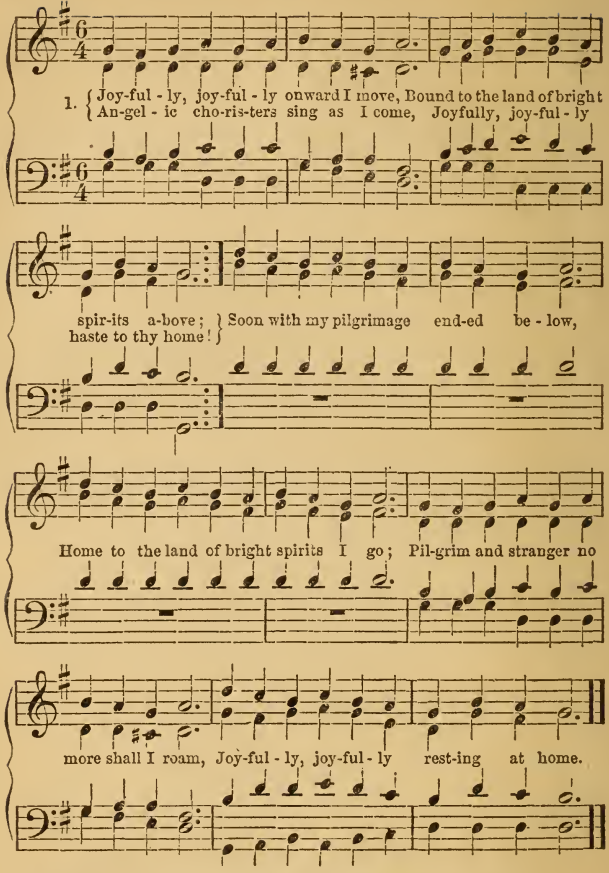
5 O that each from the Lord
May receive the glad word—
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy,
And sit down on my throne."



1 I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sinning, nor any dying!



2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

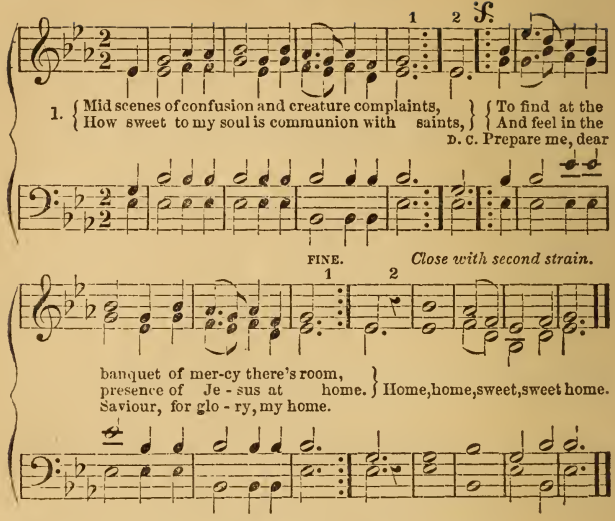
3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

4 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home!
Soon with thy pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam:
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

---

1 Happy the spirit released from its clay,
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! this on the wing.

2 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam!
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified body arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come.



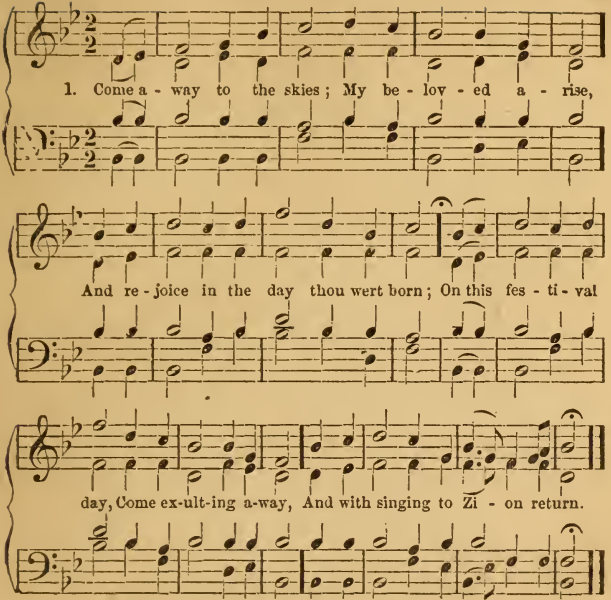
2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee:
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

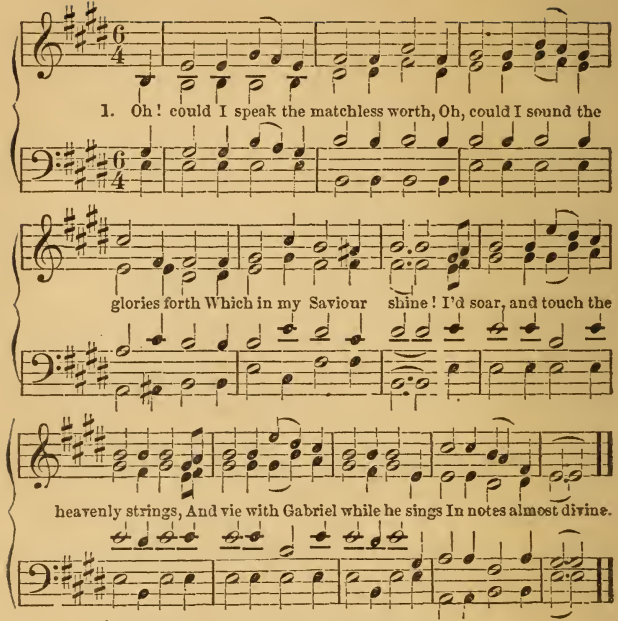
6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.



2 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Christ's precious name;
So united in heart
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

3 There, Oh! there, at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour, in glory, adore.

4 "Hallelujah!" we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah!"—again—
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

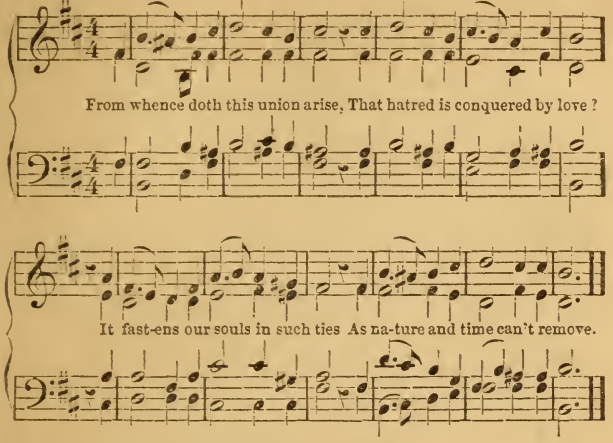


2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

MEDLEY.



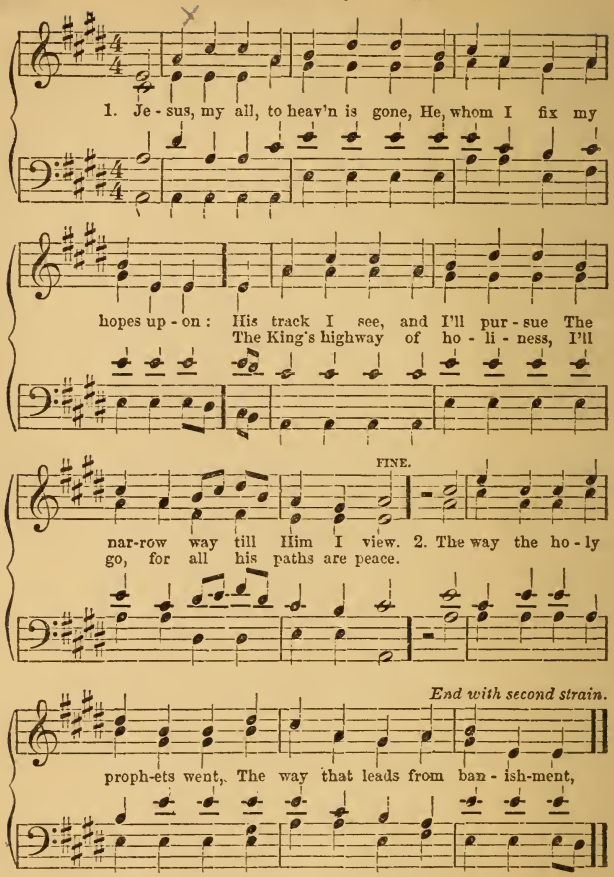
2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again ?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United with Jesus in love !

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah ! amen !
Amen ! even so let it be. BALDWIN.



3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—"Behold the way to God."

GENNICK.

---

1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a Hiding-place.

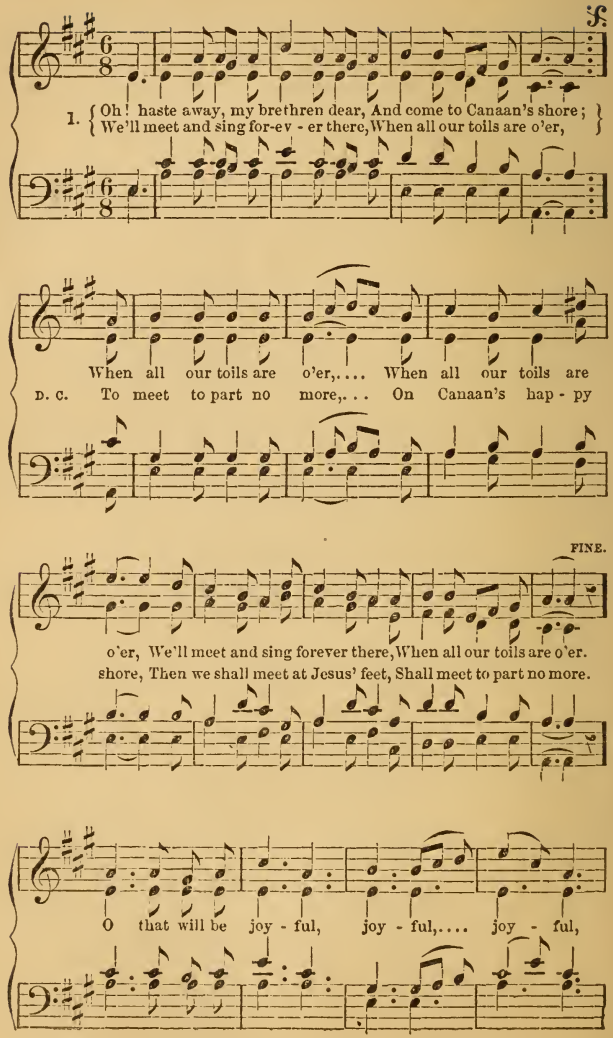
2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised His rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding-place.

3 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty love, arrest that man."
I felt the arrow of distress,
And found I had no Hiding-place.

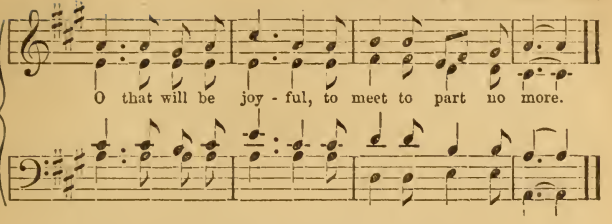
4 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no Hiding-place."

5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appeared;
She led me on, with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my Hiding-place.

6 On Him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their Hiding-place. BROWNE.


1. Oh! haste away, my brethren dear, And come to Canaan's shore;
We'll meet and sing for-ev - er there, When all our toils are o'er,
When all our toils are o'er,.... When all our toils are
D. C. To meet to part no more,... On Canaan's hap - py
FINE.
o'er, We'll meet and sing forever there, When all our toils are o'er.
shore, Then we shall meet at Jesus' feet, Shall meet to part no more.
O that will be joy - ful, joy - ful,.... joy - ful,

Close the Chorus with second strain.



1 Oh! haste away, my brethren dear,
And come to Canaan's shore;
We'll meet and sing forever there,
When all our toils are o'er,

Cho.—Oh that will be joyful, &c.

2 How sweet to hear the hallowed theme
That saints shall ever sing;
To hear their voices all proclaim
"Salvation to the King."

3 Around His throne all clothed in white,
Will all His saints appear;
And, shining in His glory bright,
Will see our Saviour there.

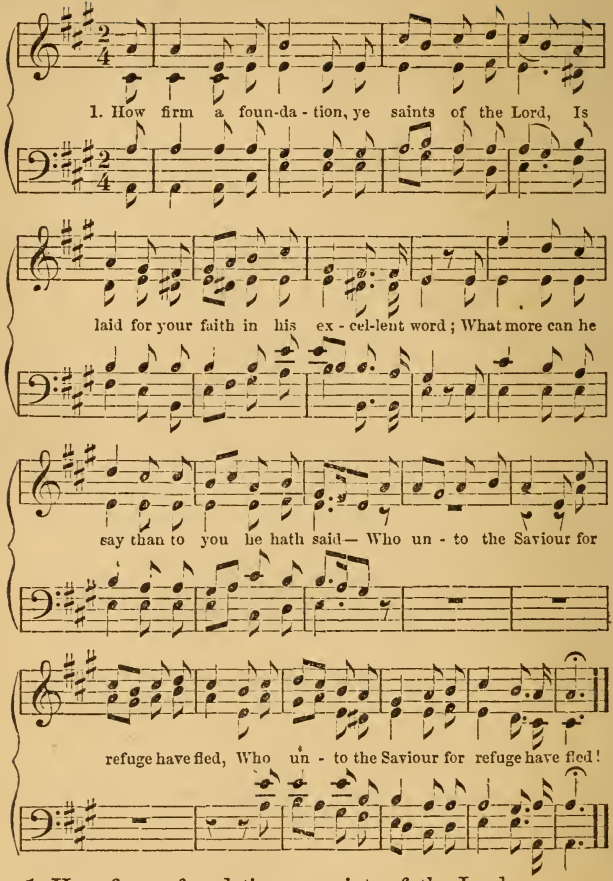
4 Through heaven the shouts of angels ring
Where sons to God are born:
Oh! what a company will sing
On the millennial morn.

5 Through one eternal day we'll sing,
And bless His sacred name,
With hallelujah to the King,
And "Worthy is the Lamb."

L. M.

1 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing
Of mercies past, of joys to come;
The Lord their Saviour is, and King,
The cross their hope, and heaven their home.

2 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing—
Of Jesus sing through all their days;
In heaven their golden harps they'll string,
And there forever sing His praise.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2 Fear not, I am with Thee, Oh! be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake! KENNEDY.

---

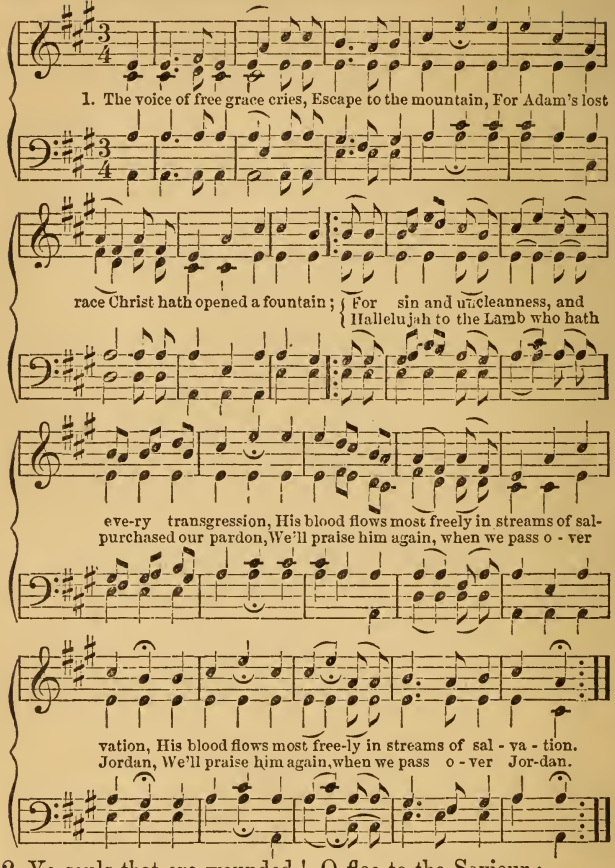
1 DELAY not! delay not! O sinner, draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not! delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood!

3 Delay not! delay not! O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not! delay not! the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

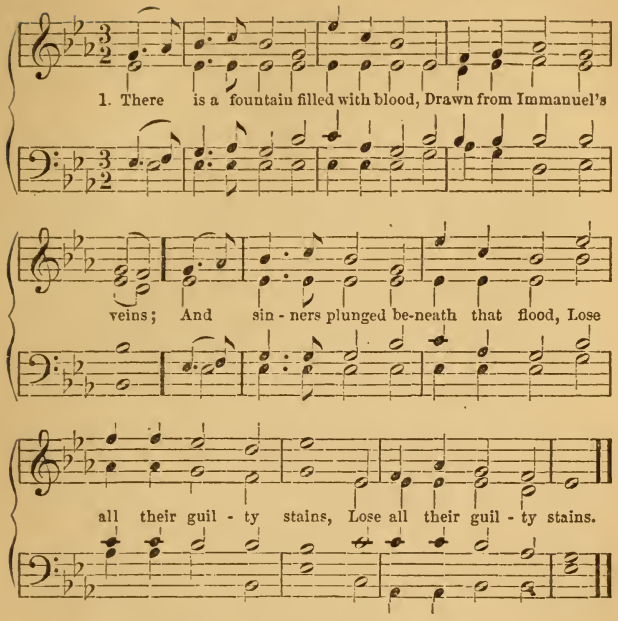
5 Delay not! delay not! the hour is at hand;—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the Judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?



2 Ye souls that are wounded! O flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy,—'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing,—escape to the mountain,—
His blood can remove them,—it flows from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, Thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

THORNBY.

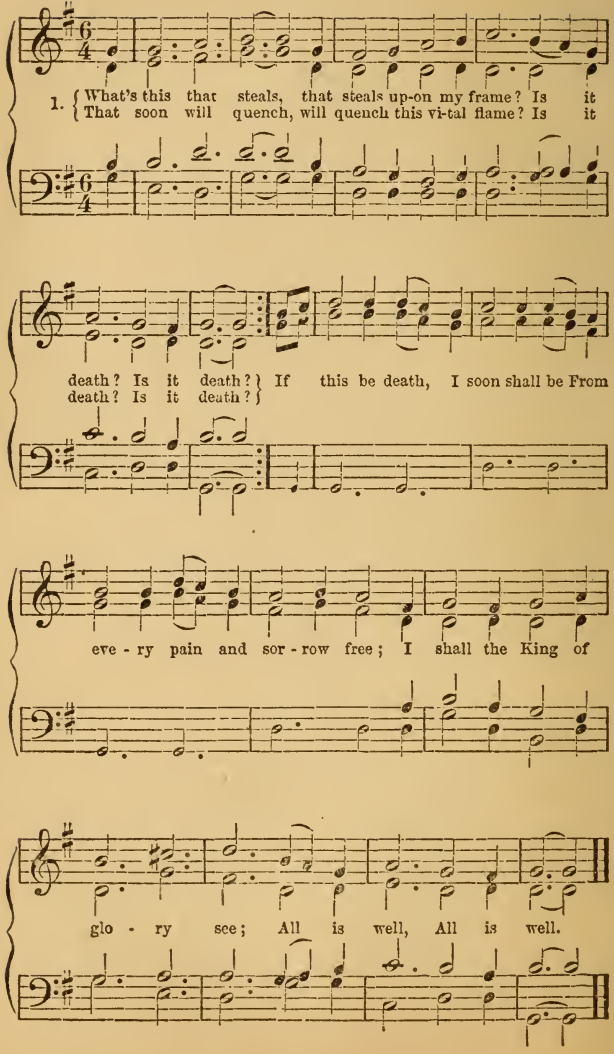


2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day:
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save. COWPER.


1. What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame? Is it
That soon will quench, will quench this vi-tal flame? Is it
death? Is it death?
death? Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be From
eve - ry pain and sor - row free; I shall the King of
glo - ry see; All is well, All is well.

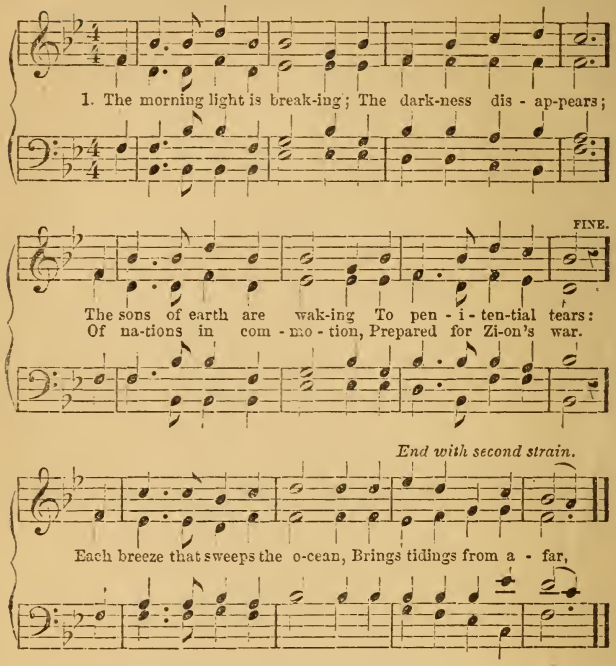
1 What's this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?
That soon will quench this vital flame?
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall my Lord in glory see—
All is well!

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well;
My sins are pardoned, I am free;
All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies—
All is well.

3 Tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well;
I will rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well.

4 Hark, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well;
I shall see His face in glory,
All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you—
My glit'ring crown appears in view;
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace;
I've come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
Oh, Hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well!



2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come." S. F. SMITH.

---

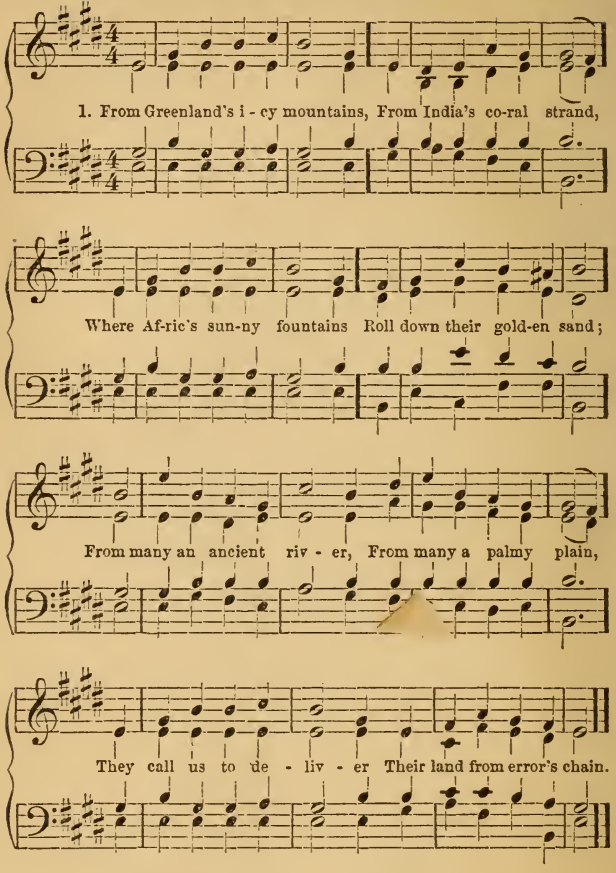
1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O Thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in Thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm:
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with Thee. PRATT'S COLL.

---

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
A second time descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All hallelujah swelling
In one continued sound. PRATT'S COLL.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. HEBER.

---

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Reëchoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,—
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine.
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting;
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise. HASTINGS.

HAIL. 11s & 10s.

L. Mason.
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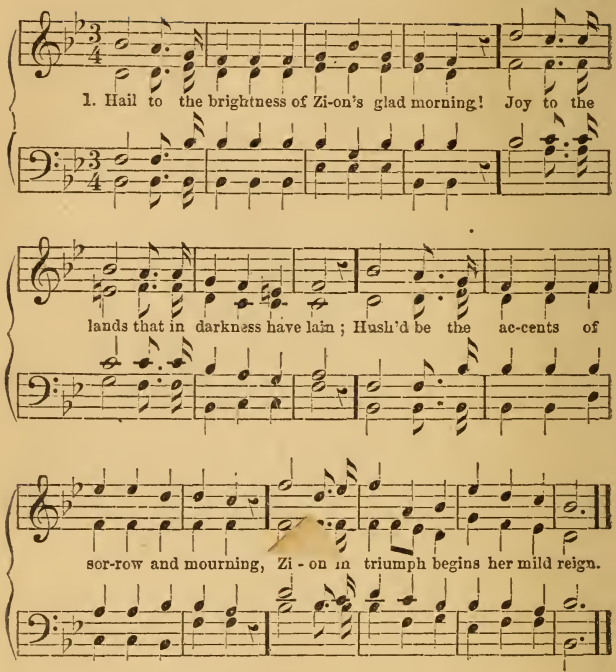
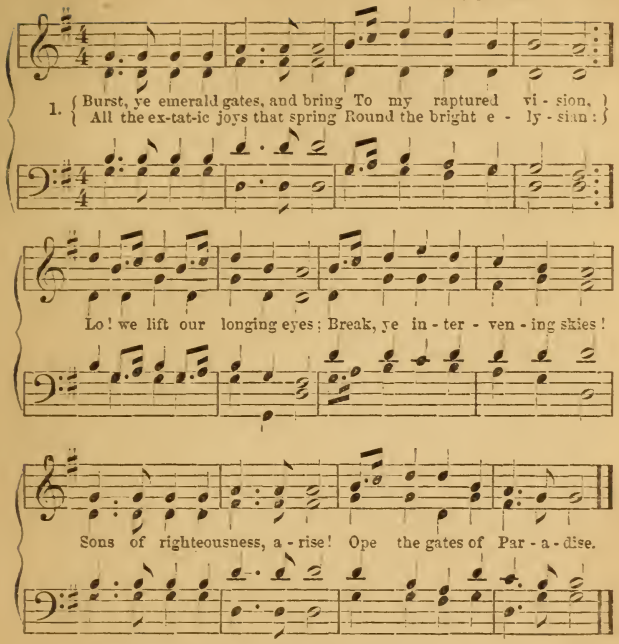


2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

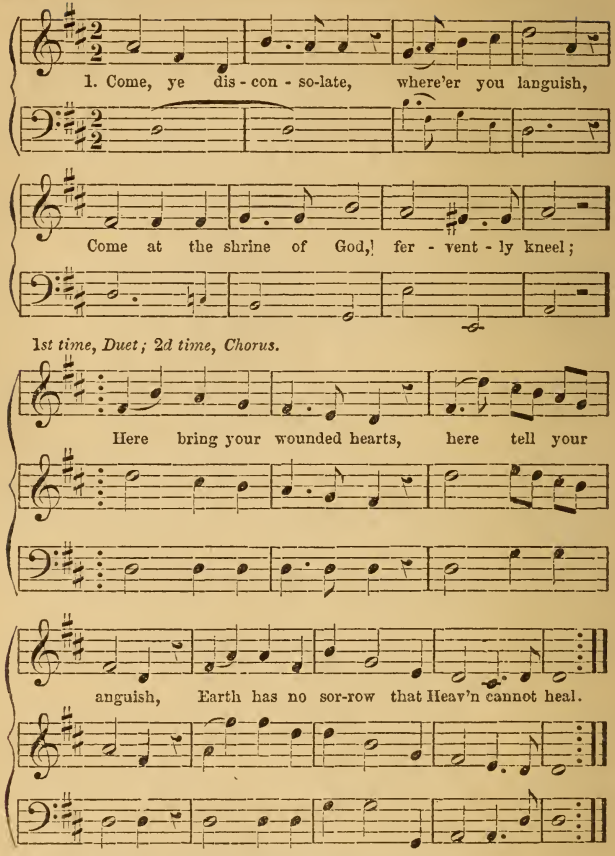
4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. HASTINGS.



2 Floods of everlasting light!
Freely flash before Him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore Him;
Angelic trumps resound His fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of His name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

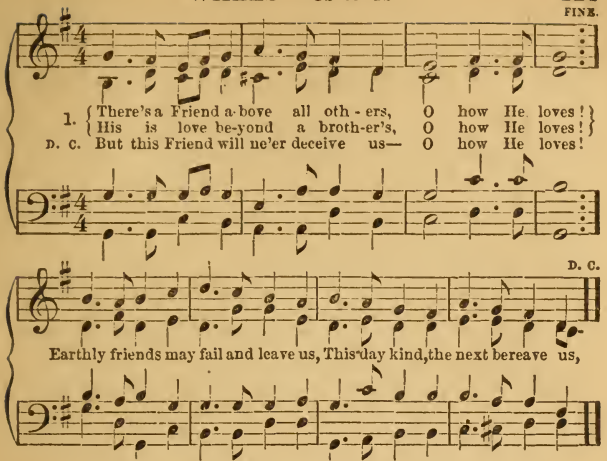
3 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

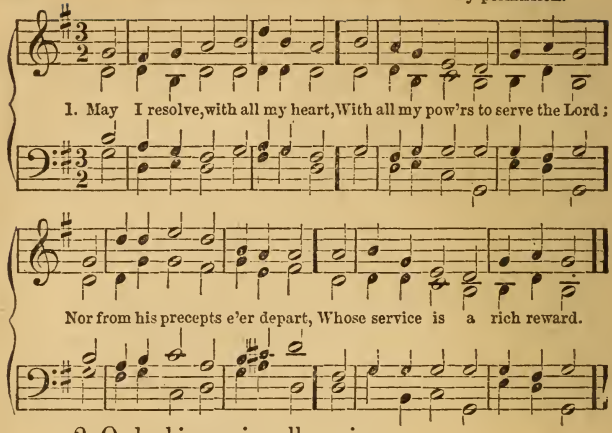
MOORE.



2 Blessed Jesus!—would'st thou know Him?
O how He loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to Him,
O how He loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Doubts and trials do they tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O how He loves!

3 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O how He loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee—
O how He loves!

4 Let us still this love be viewing,
O how He loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
O how He loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,
O how He loves!



2 O, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice—
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

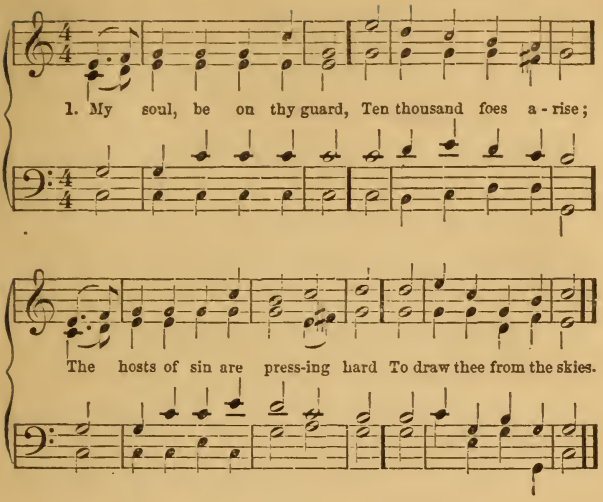
STEELE.

---

1 "Where two or three," with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love. STENNETT.



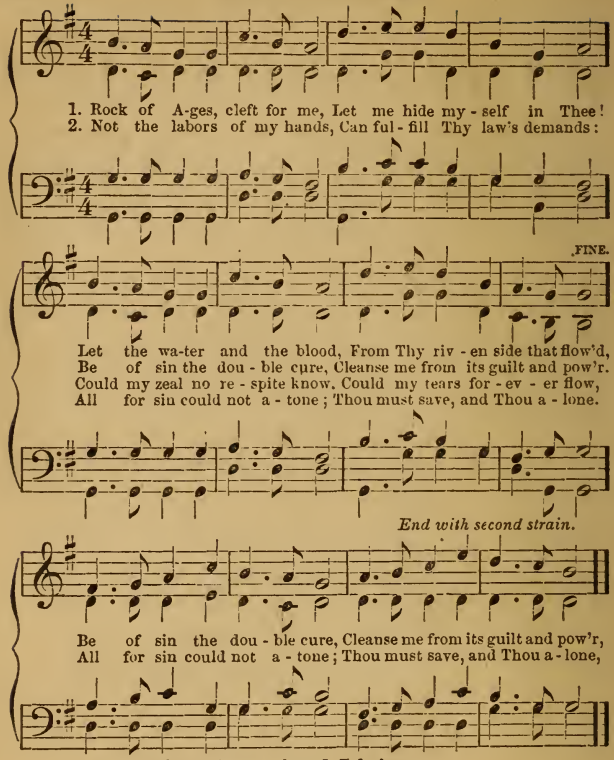
1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.

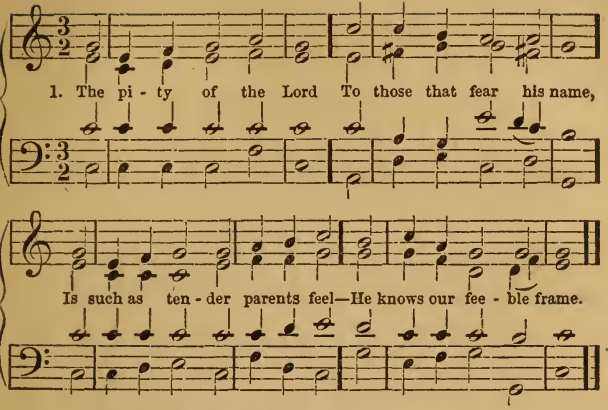
HEATH.



3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.



2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

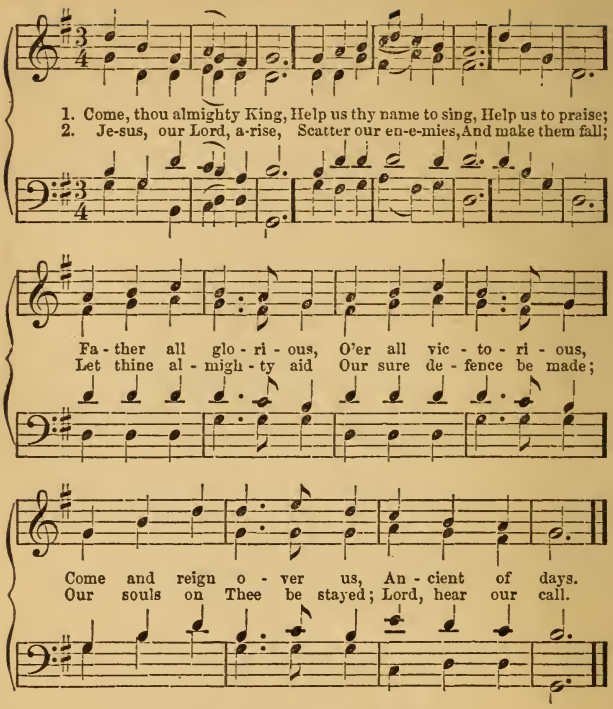
---

1 When overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings,
My shelter and my shade.

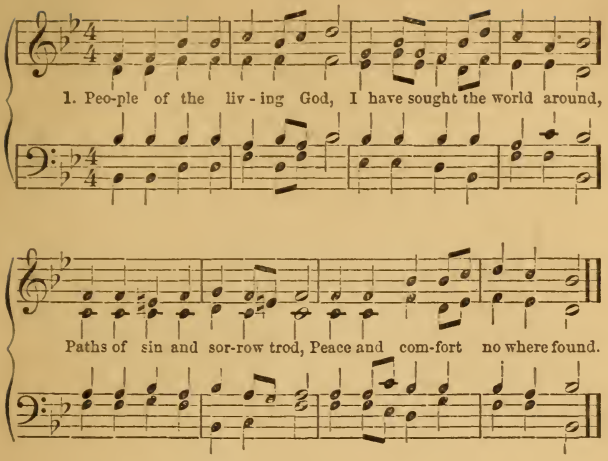
3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.



3 Come Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come and Thy people bless,
And give thy Word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

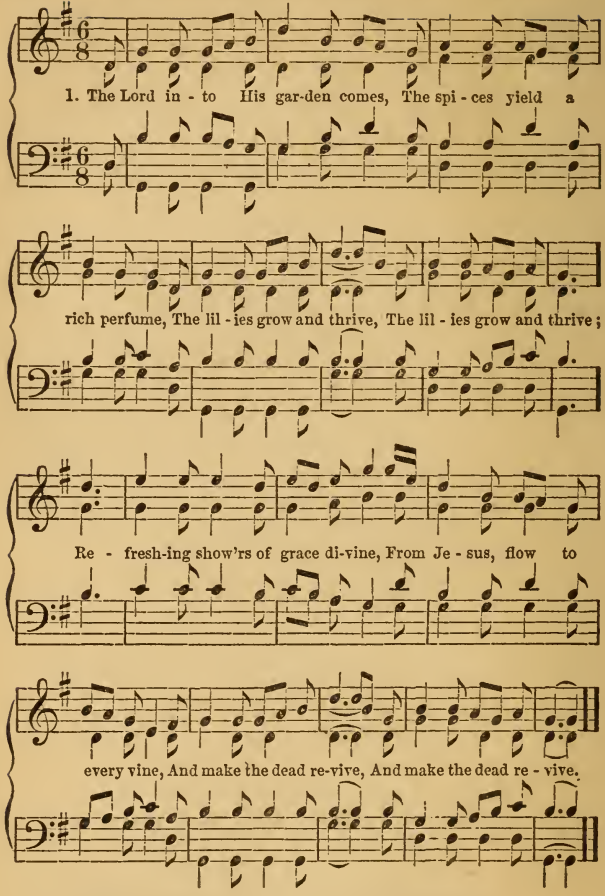


1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found;

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

3 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave—
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign. MONTGOMERY.



2 This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And make his people one.

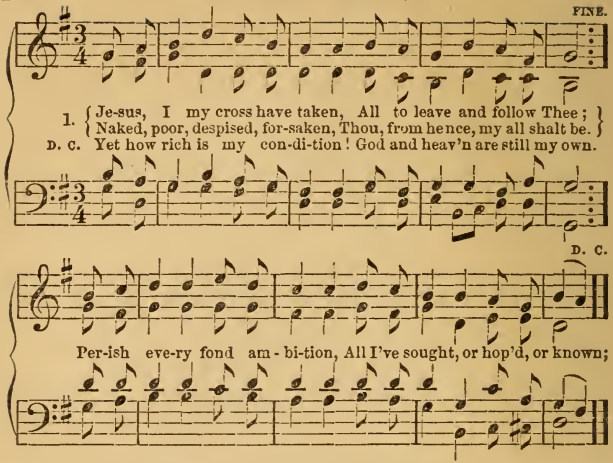
3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who comes to Christ may live.

4 Come, brethren, you who love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

5 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

6 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

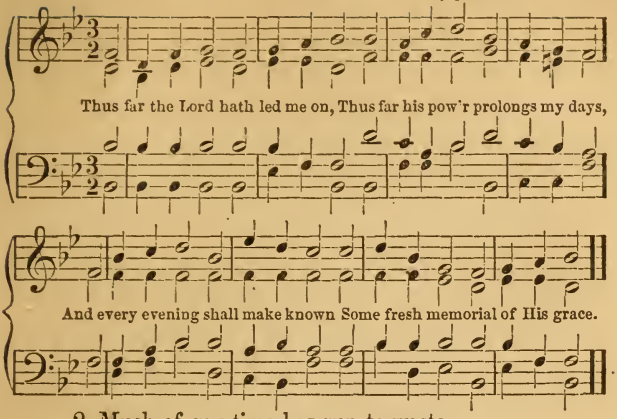
7 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too :
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them untrue ;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me ;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! t'were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

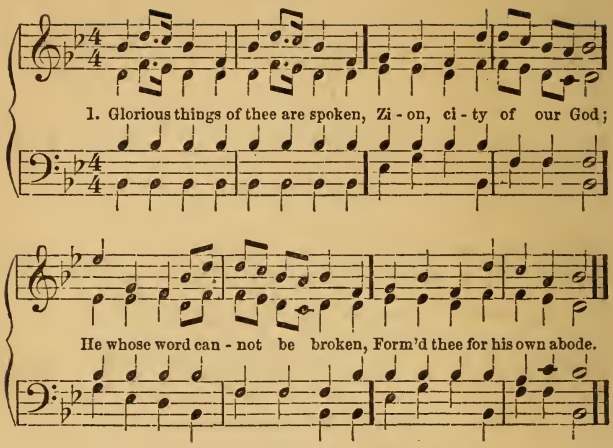
4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound. WATTS.

---

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name. COWPER.



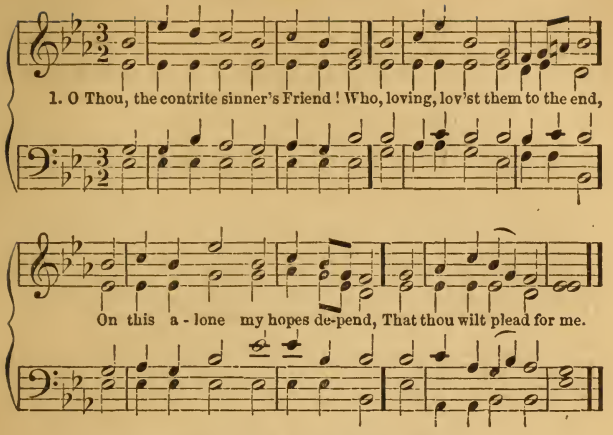
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

5 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode. NEWTON.



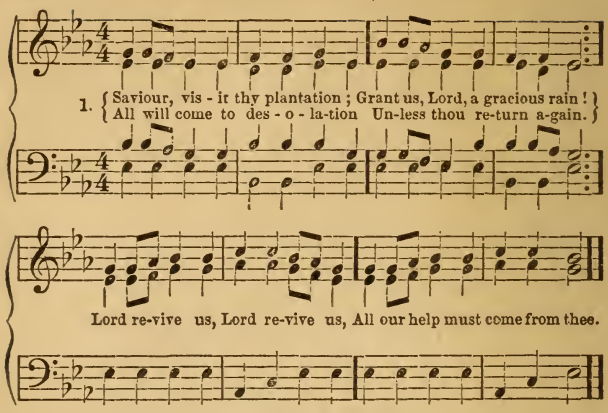
2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimm'ring guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh! plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day,
Reveals my sin in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away,—
Oh! say Thou plead'st for me. WESLEY.



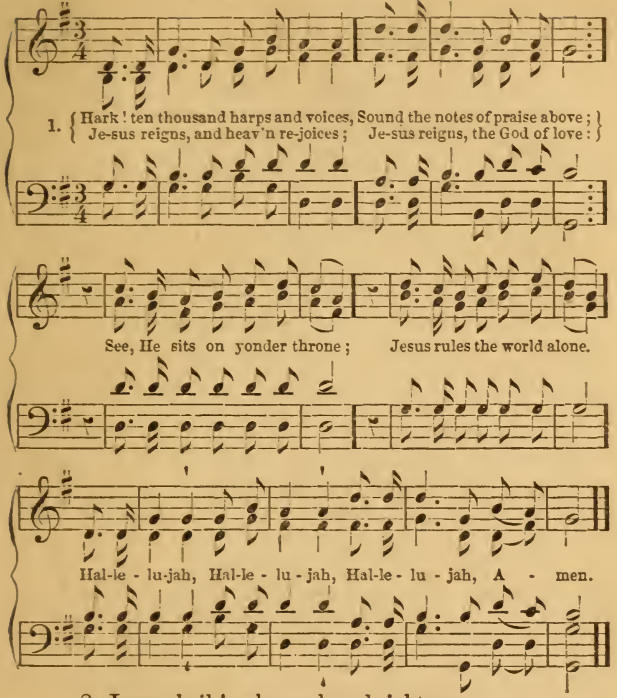
1 Saviour, visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent ;
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee. NEWTON.

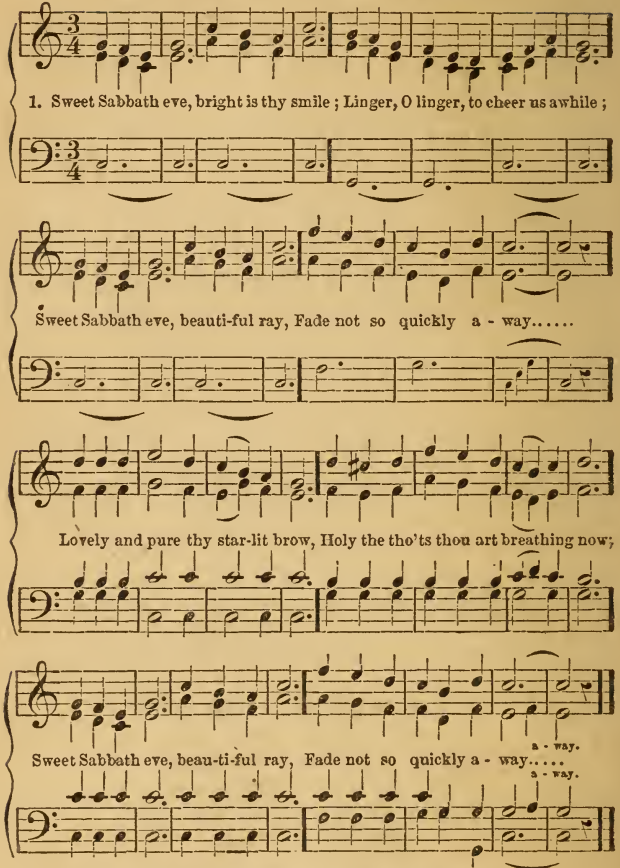
L. Mason. By permission.



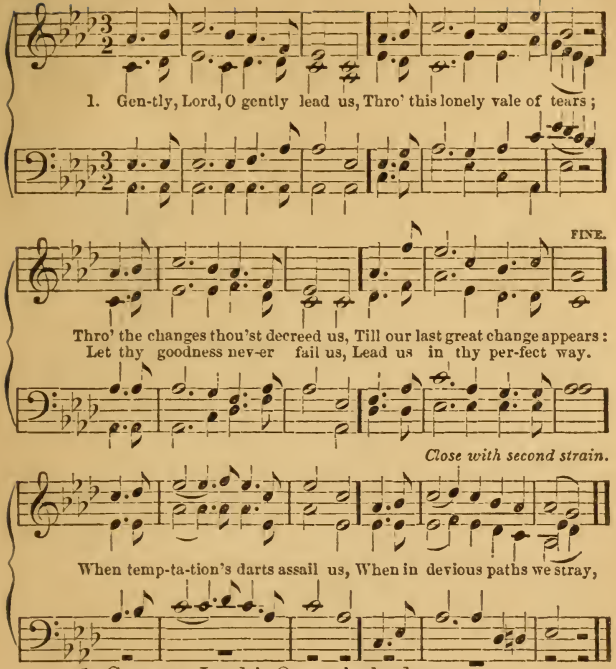
2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing,
Bring—oh bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, &c.

GEO. F. ROOT. From "S. S. Bell." By permission.



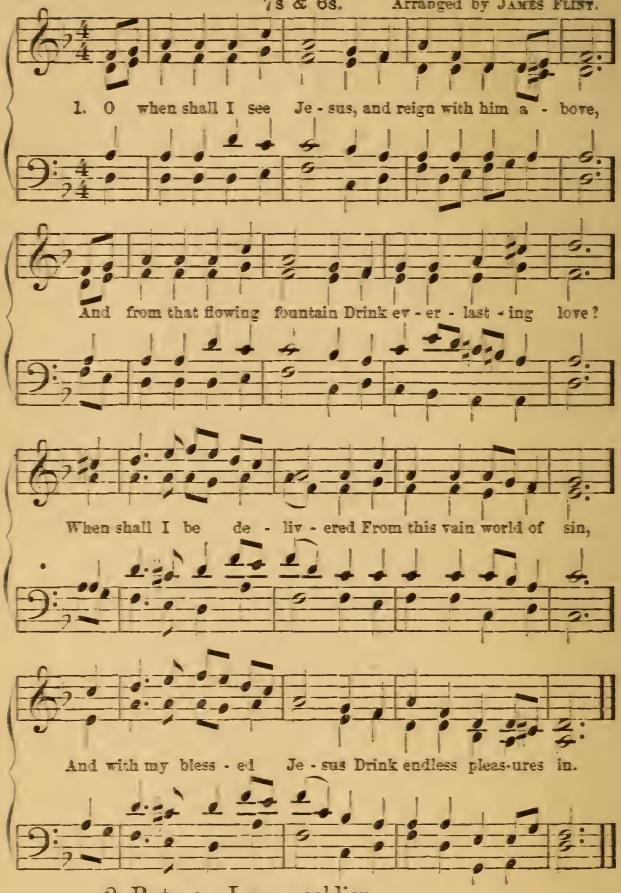
2 Sweet Sabbath eve, hallowed and blest,
Sending the soul to its heaven of rest ;
Linger awhile, beautiful ray,
Fade not so quickly away.
Tell us, calm eve, if those we love
Look on us still in that world above ;
Sweet Sabbath eve, &c.



1 Gently, Lord! O gently lead us,
Thro' this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

7s & 6s. Arranged by JAMES FLINT.

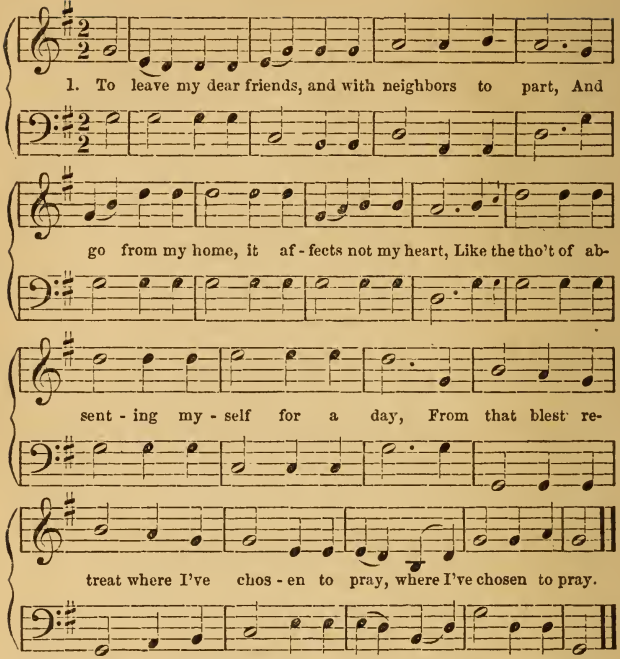


2 But now I am a soldier;
My captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
If I continue faithful
A righteous crown he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly,
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

---

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul:
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.
2 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.
3 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death;
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition—
'Tis only look and live. NEWTON.



2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branches, a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

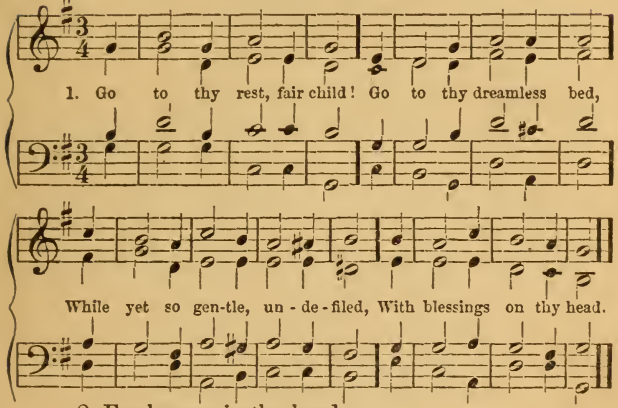
3 The early, shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I marked as my bell
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises, as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine
But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to meet
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

KEITH. S. M.



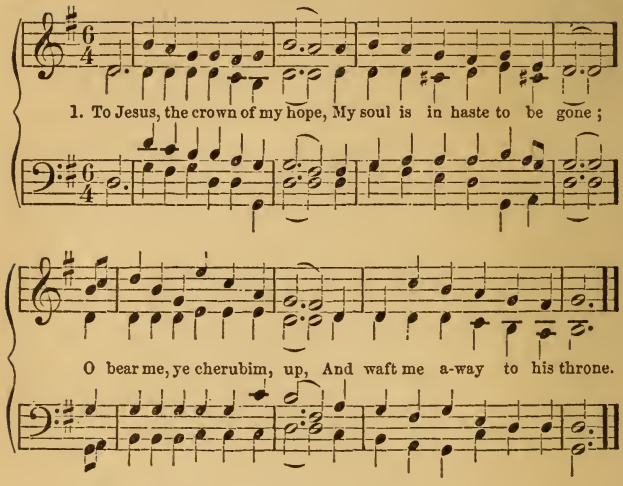
2 Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

3 Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;

4 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

5 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a fond delight;

6 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.



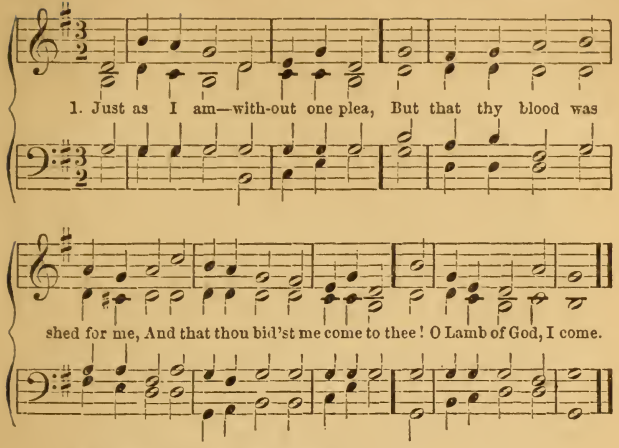
2 My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—

3 Dissolve Thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee,
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

5 O then shall the vail be removed!
And round me Thy brightness be poured
I shall meet Him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

6 And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose. COWPER.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,—
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

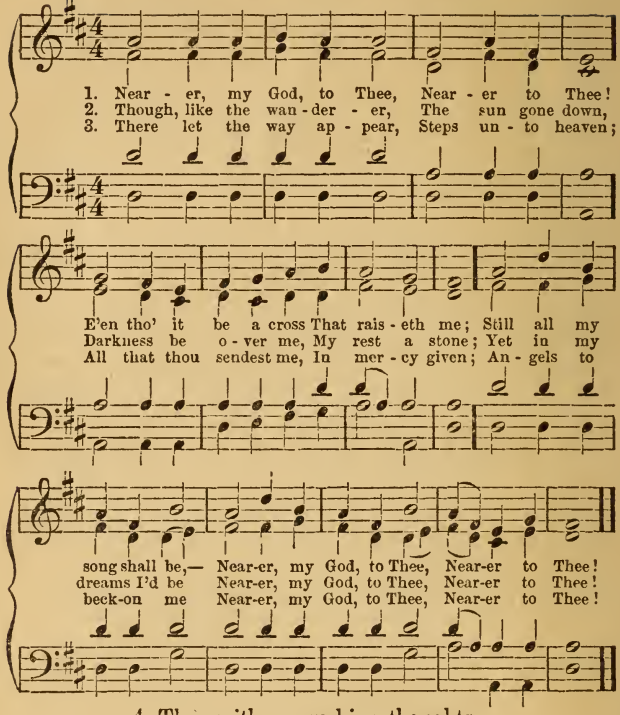
5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

C. ELLIOTT.

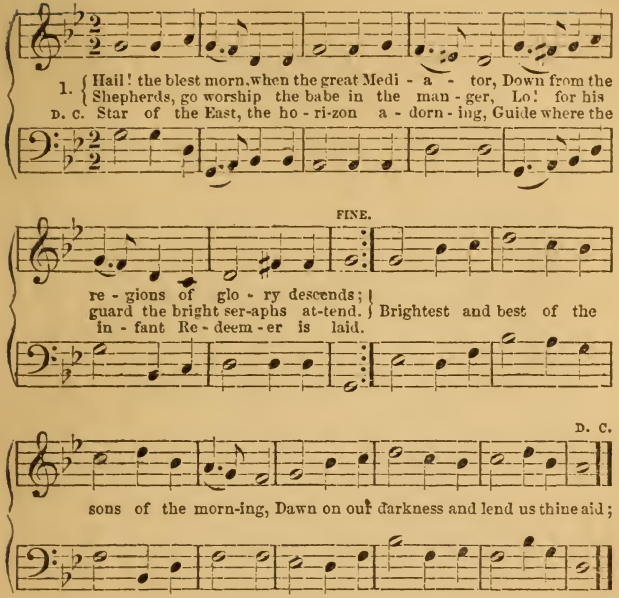
NEAR. 6s & 4s.

GEO. F. ROOT. From "S. S. Bell." By permission.



4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

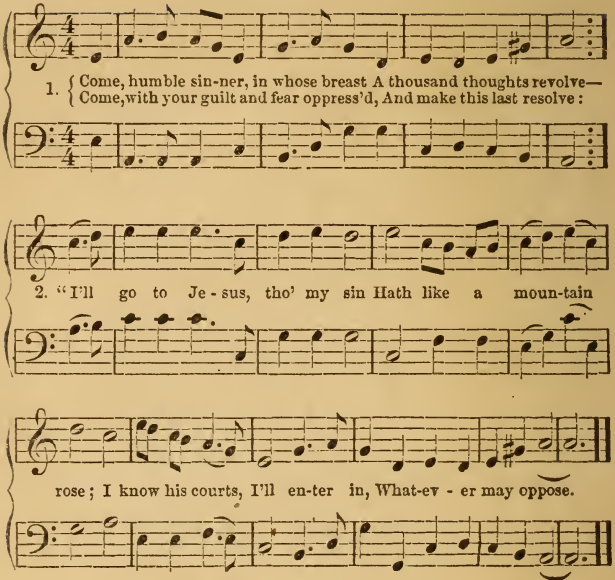
5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. SARAH F. ADAMS.



2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c. HEBER.



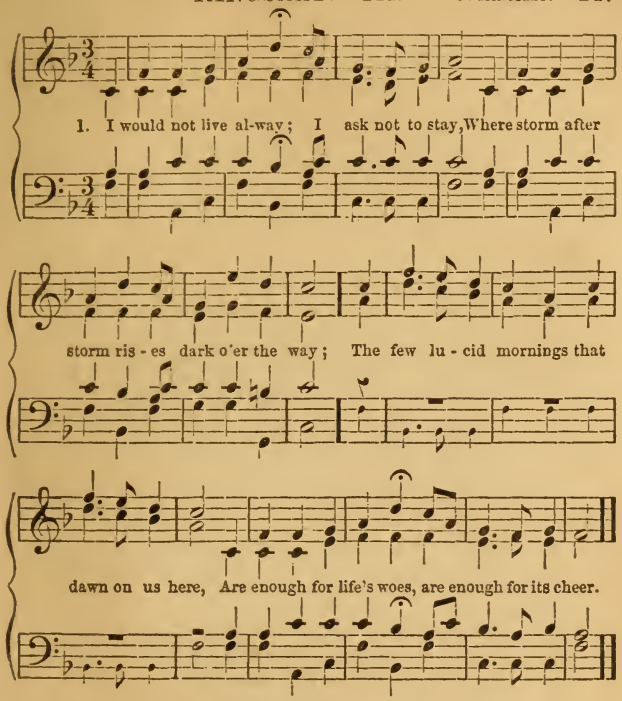
3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch—
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

JONES.



2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:—

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MUHLENBERG.

HYMNS.

1. L. M. GRIGG.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

2. L. M. WATTS

1 HE dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

4 Say—live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

3. L. M. C. Wesley.

1 Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of earth I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The grace of Christ is ever new.

4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,—
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

4. 7s. Windham.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground,—
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Let thy love my heart inflame;
Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
Be thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give:
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!

4 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

6 Thus,—Oh! thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it, "gain to die."

5. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

6. 7s. C. WESLEY.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

7. S. M. WATTS.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

8. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

9. 7s.

1 God with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite:—
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! Amazing love
Brought him from His courts above;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! Oh! wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

10. 8s & 7s. ROBINSON.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

11. L. M. WATTS.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

12. L. M. WATTS.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

13. L. M. WATTS.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

14. 8s 7s & 4s. OLIVER.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

15. C. M. WATTS.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

16. C. M. RYLAND.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not," come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

17. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care."

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

18. L. M. WATTS.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"—
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

19. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

20. C. M. WATTS.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

21. S. M. BEDDOME.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome;
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

22. 7s. BATHHURST.

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

23. S. M. ANON.

1 THOU, Holy Spirit, art
Of truth the promised seal;
Convincing power thou dost impart,
And Jesus' grace reveal.

2 O, breathe thy quickening breath,
And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

24. H. M. WATTS.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,

That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Jesus our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood, did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

25. L. M. COWPER.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

26. L. M. STOWELL.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

27. 7s. NEWTON.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt!

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

28. S. M. C. WESLEY.

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From every lure and snare beneath,
Call off my grovelling heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed,
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Lord, to my rescue come ;
Make my vain fancies cease :
O, lead my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

29. 7s. KELLY.

1 SAVED ourselves by Jesus' blood,
Let us now draw nigh to God ;
Many round us blindly stray ;
Moved with pity, let us pray—
Pray that they who now are blind
Soon the way of truth may find.

2 Lord awaken all around,
Let them know the joyful sound ;
Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more ;
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
Set the captive sinner free !

3 Glorious things of thee are told,
What thine arm has wrought of old :
Thousands once its power confessed ;
O, for seasons like the past !
Lord, revive the former days—
Thine the power, and thine the praise.

30. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

1 FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free !
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

31. 7s. SWAIN.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

2 In our way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

32. 8s 7s & 4s. REED.

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,—
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

33. S. M. EPIS. COL.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinners, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ proclaims
To all his children, "come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour
O blest Redeemer, come.

34. S. M. DOBELL.

1 Now is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

35. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

1 ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.

2 O, hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word,—"Depart."

36. L. M. GRIGG.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

37. 7s. S. F. SMITH.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

38. 8s & 6s.

1 Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
O weary sinner, come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come!

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!

6 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee, Come.

39. L. M. Hyde.

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Saviour's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

40. L. M. MILLER.

1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls who find no rest,
Say will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

41. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

1 COME, weary souls! with sins distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

42. 7s. WESLEY.

1 DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;

Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above :
Is not all thy nature love ?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands !
God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

43. 7s. HAWEIS.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear !
" Love's redeeming work is done ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid ;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 " Soon the days of life shall end ;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

44. S. M. C. WESLEY.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

45. 11s. HOPKINS.

1 WHY sleep we, my brethren! come let us arise;
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent;
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.

2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation, by Jesus the Son!
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

46. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"—
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Saviour, if 'tis Thy will
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne—
"For ever with the Lord!"

1. L. M. WATTS.

1 FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

5. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6. 8s & 7s.

1 MAY the grace of Christ the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other, and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

PAGE

A CHARGE to keep I have, ... 45
Ah! guilty sinner, ruined by transgression, ... 69
Ah, how shall fallen men, ... 48
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, ... 39
All hail the power of Jesus' name, ... 18
All yesterday is gone, ... 163
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, ... 87
Am I a soldier of the cross, ... 19
And canst thou, sinner, slight, ... 47
Arise, my soul, arise, ... 56
At anchor laid remote from home, ... 7
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, ... 79
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, ... 17
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, ... 28
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne, ... 5
Behold a stranger at the door, ... 164
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, ... 57
Broad is the road that leads to death, ... 12
Brethren, while we sojourn here, ... 162
Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring, ... 119
CHILDREN of the heavenly King, ... 63
Christ, of all my hopes the ground, ... 149
Come away to the skies, ... 101
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part, ... 81
Come, Holy Spirit, come, with energy divine, ... 157
Come, Holy Spirit, come, let, ... 50
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, ... 36
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast, ... 146
Come, let us anew, ... 96
Come, let us join our cheerful songs, ... 30
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes, ... 25
Come, Lord, in mercy come again, ... 29
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, ... 160

Come, sacred Spirit, from above, ... 11
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, ... 90
Come, sound his praise abroad, ... 44
Come, thou almighty King, ... 126
Come, thou fount of every blessing, ... 78
Come, we that love the Lord, ... 46
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed, ... 166
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, ... 120
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, ... 66
DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near, ... 109
Dear Saviour, we are thine, ... 54
Depth of mercy! can there be, ... 166
Did Christ o'er sinners weep, ... 45
Doxologies, ... 169
Drooping souls, no longer mourn, ... 70
FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone, ... 80
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, ... 154
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss, ... 161
Forever with the Lord, ... 168
From all that dwell below the skies, ... 169
From every stormy wind that blows, ... 159
From Greenland's icy mountains, ... 116
From the cross uplifted high, ... 167
From whence doth this union arise, ... 103
GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us, ... 137
Glorious things of thee are spoken, ... 132
Glory to thee, my God, this night, ... 16
God, my supporter and my hope, ... 22
Go to thy rest, fair child, ... 141
God with us, O glorious name! 152
Grace, 't is a charming sound, ... 44
Great God, attend, while Zion sings, ... 6
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, ... 154
HAIL, sovereign Love, that first began, ... 105
Hail the blest morn, when the great Mediator, ... 145
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, ... 118
Happy the spirit released from its clay, ... 99
Happy the heart where graces reign, ... 42
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, ... 59
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, ... 135
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you, ... 162
Hearts of stone, relent, relent, ... 62
Here, blessed God, behold a few, ... 15
He dies, the friend of sinners dies, ... 148
He lives, the great Redeemer lives 9
Holy Spirit from on high, ... 158
How charming is the place, ... 50
How did my heart rejoice to hear, ... 34

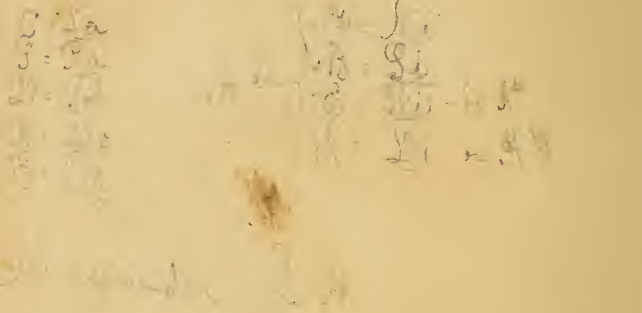
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, ... 108
How gentle God's commands, ... 156
How lost was my condition, ... 139
How oft, alas ! this wretched heart, ... 31
How sweet and awful is the place, ... 33
How sweet to leave the world awhile, ... 11
How tedious and tasteless the hours, ... 72
I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord, ... 52
I love to steal awhile away, ... 21
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, ... 97
I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord, ... 155
In the cross of Christ I glory, ... 152
I saw beyond the tomb, ... 47
I send the joys of earth away, ... 154
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay, ... 147
In all my Lord's appointed ways, ... 155
JESUS, and shall it ever be, ... 148
Jesus, I love thy charming name, ... 42
Jesus, I my cross have taken, ... 130
Jesus, lover of my soul, ... 150
Jesus my all to heaven is gone, ... 104
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness, ... 149
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend, ... 95
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, ... 8
Jesus, who knows full well, ... 51
Join all the glorious names, ... 158
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, ... 98
Just as I am, without one plea, ... 143
Just as thou art, without one trace, ... 165
KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation, ... 157
LET every mortal ear attend, ... 40
Let me but hear my Saviour say, ... 156
Let sinners saved give thanks and sing, ... 107
Light of those whose dreary dwelling, ... 86
Life is the time to serve the Lord, ... 10
Lord, I cannot let thee go, ... 63
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, ... 12
MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned, ... 32
May I resolve with all my heart, ... 122
Mary to her Saviour's tomb, ... 91
May the grace of Christ the Saviour, ... 169
Mercy, O thou Son of David, ... 68
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, ... 100
Must Jesus bear the cross alone, ... 19
My days are gliding swiftly by, ... 58
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so, ... 37
My faith looks up to thee, ... 73
My God, the spring of all my joys, ... 38

My gracious Lord, I own thy right, ... 14
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, ... 85
My soul, be on thy guard, ... 123
NEARER, my God, to thee, ... 144
Not all the blood of beasts, ... 151
Now be the gospel banner, ... 117
Now is the accepted time, ... 163
Now the Saviour stands a pleading, ... 64
O COULD I speak the matchless worth, ... 102
O for a closer walk with God, ... 35
O for a thousand tongues to sing, ... 30
O God of sovereign grace, ... 53
O haste away, my brethren dear, ... 106
One there is, above all others, ... 150
O how happy are they, ... 82
O Lord our God, arise, ... 49
O Lord, thy work revive, ... 53
Once I thought my mountain strong, ... 90
Once more, my soul, the rising day, ... 29
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, ... 25
O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, ... 93
O thou, the contrite sinner's friend, ... 133
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? 75
Our helper God, we bless his name, ... 16
O when shall I see Jesus, ... 138
O where is now that glorious love, ... 9
PEOPLE of the living God, ... 127
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, ... 169
RETURN, my roving heart, return, ... 15
Return, O wandering soul, return, ... 14
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, ... 77
Rock of ages cleft for me, ... 124
Roll on, thou mighty ocean, ... 115
SALVATION, O, the joyful sound, ... 40
Saved ourselves by Jesus' blood, ... 161
Saviour, visit thy plantation, ... 134
Saw ye my Saviour, ... 88
Say, sinner, hath a voice within, ... 165
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, ... 13
Sinner come, 'mid thy gloom, ... 67
Sing we to our God above, ... 169
Soldiers of Christ, arise, ... 167
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, ... 8
Star of peace, to wanderers dreary, ... 84
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, ... 55
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, ... 7
Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh, ... 65
Sweet Sabbath eve, bright is thy smile, ... 136

Sweet the moments, rich the blessing, ... 153
Sweet was the time when first I felt, ... 23
THAT awful day will surely come, ... 31
The day is past and gone, ... 43
The Lord into his garden comes, ... 128
The morning light is breaking, ... 114
The pity of the Lord, ... 125
The praying spirit breathe, ... 160
The Spirit, in our hearts, ... 163
The voice of free grace, ... 110
There is a fountain filled with blood, ... 111
There is a friend above all others, ... 121
There is a happy land, ... 92
There is an hour of peaceful rest, ... 76
There is a land, a happy land, ... 94
Through thy protecting care, ... 83
There is a land of pure delight, ... 26
Thus far the Lord hath led me on, ... 131
Thou Holy Spirit art, ... 158
'Tis God the Spirit leads, ... 49
To-day, if you will hear his voice, ... 166
To-day the Saviour calls, ... 41
To God, in whom I trust, ... 51
To God the Father, God the Son, ... 169
To Jesus, the crown of my hope, ... 142
To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, ... 140
WE 'RE travelling home to heaven above, ... 61
What 's this that steals upon my frame? 112
What various hindrances we meet, ... 159
When I can read my title clear, ... 24
When marshalled on the nightly plain, ... 74
When overwhelmed with grief, ... 125
When shall the voice of singing, ... 115
When thou my righteous Judge shalt come, ... 89
When thy mortal life is fled, ... 164
When we in darkness walk, ... 48
When I survey the wondrous cross, ... 153
Where two or three with sweet accord, ... 122
While life prolongs its precious light, ... 10
Why do we mourn departing friends, ... 27
Why is my heart so far from thee, ... 20
Why should we start and fear to die, ... 13
Why sleep ye, my brethren? come let us arise, ... 168
With joy we meditate the grace, ... 157
YE angels round the throne, ... 169
Ye dying sons of men, ... 71
Your harps, ye trembling saints, ... 52

INDEX OF TUNES.

		Page
Advent,	C. P. M.	89
"All's Well,"	8s & 3s	112
Amazing Grace,	C. M.	87
Amsterdam,	7s & 6s	77
Anticipation,	C. M.	106
Arlington,	C M.	42
Autumn,	8s & 7s	137
Aylesbury,	S. M.	47
Badea,	S. M.	50
Balerma,	C. M.	35
Bartimeus,	8s & 7s	68
Bavaria,	8s & 7s	130
Bower of Prayer,	11s	140
Boylston,	S. M.	125
Bremen,	C. P. M.	102
Bridgewater,	L. M.	6
Brookline,	8s & 6s	133
Cambridge,	C. M.	30
Carmarthen,	H. M.	71
China,	C. M.	27
Christian Victor,	10s	98
Christmas,	C. M.	28
"Come,"	3s & 6s	67
"Come, ye disconsolate,"	11s & 10s	120
"Come, ye sinners,"	8s, 7s & 4s	66
Coronation,	C. M.	18
Cowper,	C. M.	111
Cross and Crown,	C. M.	19
Dedham,	C. M.	23
Denfield,	C. M.	38
Desire,	11s & 8s	93
Duane Street,	L. M.	104
Duke Street,	L. M.	8
Dundee,	C. M.	33
Dunlapscreek,	C. M.	31
Evening Hymn,	L. M.	16
Expostulation,	11s	75
Fallon,	11s	85
Farewell,	L. M.	80
"Far, far at sea,"	8s, 7s & 4s	84
Ganges,	C. P. M.	79
Garden Hymn,	C. P. M.	128
Greenville,	8s, 7s & 4s	134
Golden Hill,	S. M.	51
Goodwin,	7s & 6s	114
Groton,	5s & 6s	96
Hail,	11s & 10s	118
Hamburg,	L. M.	14
Happiness,	6s & 9s	82
Happy Land,	P. M.	92
Harmony Grove,	C. M.	26
Harwell,	8s, 7s & 7s	135
Hebron,	L. M.	131
Herbert,	C. M.	55
Home,	11s	100
Horton,	7s	90
"I'm a pilgrim,"	P. M.	97
Iowa,	S. M.	45
Italian Hymn,	6s & 4s	126
"Just as I am,"	8s & 6s	143
Keith,	S. M.	141
Kingsley,	11s	147
Laban,	S. M.	123
Land of Rest,	C. M.	65
Lenox,	H. M.	56
Little Marlborough,	S. M.	48
"Lovest thou Me,"	7s	59
Loving Kindness,	L. M.	17
Marlow,	C. M.	30
Martyn,	7s	91
Mear,	C. M.	34
Melody,	C. M.	36
Merdin,	7s, 6s & 7s	119
Missionary Hymn,	7s & 6s	116
Morning	6s & 5s	83
Mount Calvary,	7s	62
Mount Pisgah,	C. M	24
Near,	6s & 4s	144
Nettleton,	8s & 7s	78
New Haven,	6s & 4s	73
Newton,	8s.	72
Northfield,	C. M.	37
Nuremburg,	7s	60
Old Hundredth,	L. M.	5
Olmutz,	S. M.	52
Olney,	8s	142

		Page
Ortonville,	C. M.	32
"O when shall I see Jesus,"	7s & 6s	138
Peterborough,	C. M.	29
Pleading Saviour,	8s & 7s	64
Pleyel's Hymn,	7s	63
Portugal,	L. M.	7
Portuguese Hymn,	11s	108
Prospect,	6s & 9s	101
Repentance,	C. M.	39
Resolve,	C. M.	146
Rochester,	C. M.	22
Rockingham,	L. M.	122
Rock of Ages,	7s	124
Rosefield,	7s	127
St. Michael,	S. M.	48
St. Thomas,	S. M.	46
"Saw ye my Saviour,"	10s, 7s & 9s	88
Shining Shore,	8s & 7s	58
Shirland,	S. M.	54
Sicily,	8s & 7s	86
Silver Street,	S. M.	44
Star in the East,	10s & 11s	145
Star of Bethlehem,	L. M.	74
"Sweet Sabbath Eve,"		136
"The voice of free grace,"	12s	110
"To-day the Saviour calls,"	6s & 4s	41
Twilight,	S. M.	43
Union Hymn,	8s	103
Utica,	7s & 6s	70
Wales,	8s & 4s	121
Warning,	10s or 10s & 11s	69
Wells,	L. M	10
Whitney,	C. M.	94
"Will you go,"	8s & 3s	61
Wilmot,	8s & 7s	132
Windham,	L. M.	12
Windsor,	C. M.	20
Woodland,	8s & 6s or C. M.	76
Woodstock,	C. M.	21

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